

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3276 —VOL. CXX

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

SIXPENCE



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO GERMANY FOR THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.—THE EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE LUNCHING WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST PRUSSIAN DRAGOON GUARDS, JANUARY 26: THE KAISER PROPOSING KING EDWARD'S HEALTH.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When Lord Kitchener had that historical interview with General Botha at Middelburg, a photograph of the two commanders was taken as a memento. Copies of that picture were ingeniously utilised by some of the Boer leaders to persuade the simple-minded burghers that Lord Kitchener was Botha's prisoner. An equally brilliant expedient was invented for the fooling of our Back-the-Boers Committees, who are even more gullible than the simpletons of the veldt. An emaciated child, photographed in the concentration camp at Bloemfontein, was palmed off as a victim of British cruelty. The medical officer of the camp, Dr. Pern, has exposed this fraud. The child was the victim of a callous Boer mother, who neglected her children so grossly that two of them died. She had plenty of food for them, but would not take the trouble to cook it. This particular child was found in a dying state, and taken to the hospital, and the photograph so cleverly employed to bemuse the Back-the-Boers Committees was actually the official photograph ordered by Dr. Pern. That is the true story of the little Van Zyl, whose fate is among the legends bred by lying malice at Rotterdam and other centres of the "civilised world."

A dear impetuous lady at Bristol withdrew the light of her countenance from me a few weeks ago because I quoted the judgment of our medical officers on some of these Boer matrons. I cannot hope that the truth about that child will chasten her zeal for the enemies of her country. Mr. Joshua Rowntree, who will not be suspected of a desire to misrepresent the Boers, has published a letter from a Quaker friend in the Orange River Colony. This witness, who has made a careful study of the concentration camps, says that the Boer women deliberately conceal cases of sickness rather than send their children to the hospital. The sick are kept behind a curtain in the tent, and the inspector, who does not venture to violate this privacy, is put off with evasions. A child with measles hidden in this way infects the family, and causes an epidemic. This is the testimony of a witness friendly to the Boers; but it is not welcome to the "civilised world." It would be a saving of time for our Back-the-Boers Committees if they could understand that the mind of the country is impervious to the lies which spring from the foreign venom of impotence and defeat.

The *Times of India* publishes a letter from a Boer prisoner at Umballa, who thanks his stars that the fortune of war has made him captive to "so lenient a nation as the British." After sixteen months of agreeable detention he has not yet lost his wonder at the generosity of Tommy Atkins, who gave his "last bit of tobacco" to the prisoners, divided his rations with them, and strove in every way to lighten the hardships of the foe who was suffering adversity. Small wonder that hundreds of Boers in Ceylon and St. Helena have offered us their military services, and that still greater numbers are actually fighting for us in South Africa.

It is suggested that a Decoration Committee should be appointed to prepare a garb for London on Coronation Day, or for that part of the town through which the Royal Procession will pass. I fancy it would need more than mortal courage to serve on such a committee. We should all pant like man-eating tigers for its blood and bones. As soon as the official scheme of decoration was announced, we should declare with one voice that it was totally unsuited to the genius of a free people. Reams of club note-paper would be darkened by energetic protests against a plan which might be fit for Potsdam or Peking, but could not fail to mar the irregular charms of the world's metropolis. How could a decoration which harmonised with the aristocratic languor of Pall Mall express the impetuous buoyancy of Fleet Street? Fleet Street has been accustomed for ages to show its public joy by hanging coloured rags on clothes-lines. It is a simple device, which suggests that all the journalists have made a festive washing-day for their purple and fine linen. Will they abandon this for some academic scheme quite alien to their traditions?

Consider the way in which the House of Commons treats the decorative sex. In the House of Lords they sit in the open gallery; in the other House they are hidden behind a lattice, which the most determined reformer is unable to abolish. Why women should be visible in one House and invisible in the other is one of the mysteries of the British Constitution; but you may be sure that it is connected in some inscrutable way with the great principle which will prevent Fleet Street from decorating itself like Pall Mall. Eight years ago the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, refused to take away the lattice of the Ladies' Gallery, and his successor, Mr. Akers-Douglas, though opposed to Mr. Gladstone on the trivial questions which determine the fortunes of a General Election, is unalterably at one with him on the fundamental issue which makes the Ladies' Gallery as inviolate to the roving eye of the M.P. as an Oriental harem. A peeress in the Lords may encourage her debating husband with

approving smiles; but if she wants to listen to her eloquent son in the Commons, she must peep at him through a shutter. There was a time when ladies sat in the Strangers' Gallery; and when they were banished, some of them had the spirit to return disguised in male attire. It is told of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan that she dressed herself as a man rather than be baulked of hearing Sheridan's speeches. Who does not honour her devotion? But I have never heard that even the most emancipated woman of our own time has tried to storm the Strangers' Gallery in the equipment of a divided skirt.

It puzzles me that the Irish members do not take up this great cause. To see the eyes of lovely women shining on the wrongs of Ireland would be a stimulus to Mr. William Redmond. Why does he not make a pilgrimage through the English constituencies, and call on women to rise and shatter that offensive lattice? Can it be that the oppressive Saxon is afraid of the stimulus aforesaid, and keeps the lattice in its place lest Mr. Redmond should be irresistibly inspired by the beauty behind it? Considering that there are no Nationalist peers in the House of Lords, where, accordingly, no lattice is needed, there may be something in this suggestion. Or is it possible that Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Akers-Douglas are haunted by the history of the memorable occasion, about a hundred and twenty years ago, when the ladies who were ordered to withdraw from the Strangers' Gallery flatly refused, and had to be coerced? Is it feared that if there were no lattice to the Ladies' Gallery they would refuse to obey the Speaker's fiat that strangers must withdraw? If so, then all the more reason why the Irish members should start a campaign against the lattice as a counter-move to Mr. Balfour's resolutions for the reform of procedure. Mr. Swift MacNeill is not the man I take him for if he overlooks this obvious stroke of Parliamentary generalship.

I believe we are to have an elaborate reply from Mrs. Gallup to the critics of the Bi-Literal Cypher, and in a letter to the *Times* she gives us a foretaste of her controversial quality. The letter consists chiefly of the reiterated assertion that the cypher is quite genuine. How it disclosed Bacon's acquaintance with Pope's translation of the "Iliad," and his ignorance of important matters in his own time, Mrs. Gallup does not explain. She has consulted several translations of the "Iliad," and finds them so much alike that she cannot understand why there should be all this fuss about Pope. The trifling circumstance that Pope introduces ideas that are not in Homer, and therefore could not be known to Bacon or anyone else, is of no consequence to Mrs. Gallup. It is a mere question of scholarship, with which she disdains to concern herself. She does not even pretend that Pope mastered the cypher, and stole Bacon's translation from the Greek. That suggestion was made by some of her advocates, but she will have none of it, for it deprives her of the honour of having first discovered Bacon's secret. What! Resign this glory to the wretched Pope? Never! Mrs. Gallup does not tell us why Bacon asserts in the cypher that Davison, Elizabeth's secretary, was put to death, although no such thing happened. Nor does she account for other blunders equally flagrant. Perhaps she will deal with them when she has had a little more time to correct the historians who have the bad taste to disagree with her "inspired" narrative.

A New York paper remarks that the commotion we have made over Mrs. Gallup would be impossible in America. I condole with that lady upon this unhand-some gibe from her native land. But surely this Baconian theory was born there, and had its cradle rocked by judges and legislators before Mrs. Gallup adorned the scene. Nearly all the literature on the subject has sprung from the same fertile soil. A certain Dr. Owen works a cypher, which has yielded a drama by Bacon called "The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots." Dr. Owen has published this masterpiece, and says it is worthy of the hand that wrote "Hamlet." To the uninspired reader it is arrant rubbish, and makes him suspect that Dr. Owen is no more capable of appreciating "Hamlet" than Mrs. Gallup is capable of appreciating the difference between Pope and the other translators of Homer. But America goes on producing Owens and Gallups, and prophets who call themselves Elijah, with a prodigal exuberance that baffles competition. The shrewdest people on earth breed more charlatans to the square mile than any worn-out European nation. Our Back-the-Boers Committees are poor wayside flowers compared with this gorgeous vegetation of American eccentricity. I see that an American firm of publishers is to issue an edition of Dickens for the use of millionaires, in 130 volumes, at £200 a volume. Why not bring out the *New York Journal* in letters of gold for the same enlightened public? Of course the millionaires will not read their Dickens at £26,000 the set. It will repose unopened in bookcases made of sapphires. But if any juvenile member of a millionaire's family should be tempted by curiosity to take down a volume or two, he will find some pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit" not unprofitable reading.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC.

Ingeniously adapting to stage purposes the quaint experiment of "Sandford and Merton's" eccentric author, and selecting a picturesque setting of eighteenth-century costumes and old Hampstead scenery, Mrs. Ryley has provided Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Lyric Theatre with a perfectly charming comedy of delicate sentiment. Her story—that of a middle-aged philanthropist who trains up a foundling scientifically to be his wife, and finds—through her loving his young soldier-nephew—that "the best laid schemes of 'Mice and Men' gang aft agley," is almost too slight material for a four-act play, but by dint of constant surprises and human touches the clever dramatist steadily avoids theatricality, and sustains interest in a theme of refreshing daintiness. Her mad-cap heroine, a veritable child of nature in her pretty vanity and arch innocence, is a delightful creation, and Miss Gertrude Elliott's representation of the girl is full of tender feeling and gay humour. The kindly and self-sacrificing guardian is not quite sufficiently individualised, but Mr. Robertson's artistic resource invests him with a very gracious and sympathetic personality. As the soldier-lover, too, Mr. Ben Webster acts and looks gallantly in handsome Hanoverian uniform, and other players interpret admirably minor rôles that are perhaps a trifle conventional.

"MADEMOISELLE MARS," AT THE IMPERIAL.

Mr. Paul Kester has a naïve recipe for the manufacture of costume-drama. He whitewashes some naughty actress of long ago, and involves her, as love-lorn heroine, in the most hackneyed of situations. So he sentimentalised King Charles's "Sweet Nell"; so at the Imperial Theatre he transforms Napoleon's Mademoiselle Mars into a modest soubrette, who virtuously adores a persecuted young nobleman. This time, however, the American playwright has not been content with employing the stock-in-trade of cape-and-sword melodrama; for, after supplying a prologue in which, amid the ordinary stage-apparatus of the French Revolution, his heroine befriends her lover and the youthful Bonaparte alike, he has gaily annexed the general scheme of Sardou's "Sans-Gêne" and the particular interview of pleading woman and yielding Emperor. Such a piece, devoid of historical perspective, real observation, sometimes even theatrical climax, and stocked with mere travesties of famous characters, gives more scope to costumier than to actor. And magnificent dresses are the main feature of "Mademoiselle Mars." Still, Mrs. Langtry exhibits in the title-rôle a pleasant comedy talent, and Mr. Lewis Waller catches at least the externals of the great but here belittled Bonaparte.

"PILKERTON'S PEERAGE," AT THE GARRICK.

Plays essaying to represent political life have never been lacking to the English stage. Within the last dozen years one can recollect "The Bauble Shop," "A Leader of Men," "John Durnford, M.P.," not to mention sheer farces of the order of "The Times" and "The Noble Lord." But a comedy which reproduces in recognisable fashion any of the ordinary political conditions has until the production of "Pilkerton's Peerage" been totally to seek. All the more praise, then, to Mr. Anthony Hope for having provided in his new Garrick play a piece which really catches, with abundant wit, some of the more cynically diverting aspects of the party game. The story of "Pilkerton's Peerage" might be told (so as to amuse) at considerable length. But it can be summarised as follows: Pilkerton first tries to secure his heart's desire by exploiting the love-affairs of his family. His prospective daughter-in-law, a peer's daughter, he finds no difficulty in squaring. His would-be son-in-law, the Prime Minister's private secretary, rejects the notion of a deal, as compromising political purity and personal delicacy. And it is not until Pilkerton has been bluffed into kowtowing to these ideals that he obtains his peerage from the Prime Minister, and secures the further honour of an alliance with the Minister's private secretary. Mr. Bouchier, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Robertshaw fill the respective rôles of the secretary, Prime Minister, and Pilkerton pleasantly enough. Miss Eva Moore and Mr. H. V. Esmond play a couple of aristocratic youngsters with agreeable freshness and vivacity, and Mrs. Maesmore Morris impersonates Pilkerton's affectionate but half-revolting daughter with real charm, intelligence, and sincerity. "Pilkerton's Peerage," indeed, is no unworthy successor of "Iris."

THE GERMAN PLAYS.

It may be that "Galeotto," by José Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, loses much by the translation into German, but it must be confessed that the play, as performed on the 28th at St. George's Hall, was somewhat of a disappointment. Unlike the author's "Mariana," there is much dialogue and very little action. The keynote of the piece is the evil wrought by slander, for the base and groundless suspicions of an unjust world wreck the happiness of a united household of three—a husband and wife and a young poet who shares their home. Don Manuel, the husband, although at first fully believing in his friend Ernesto



and Julia, his young wife, is wounded in a duel to avenge a slur cast on her name. After the fight, however, many circumstances, which have the appearance of guilt, tend to destroy his trust, and as he is dying he curses them both. Utterly unnerved by the death of her husband, and spurned by her relations, Julia seems forsaken until Ernesto, in a fine speech, calls those around to witness that it is the world that has driven them—even at that terrible moment—into each other's arms; and as the curtain falls he stands with Julia by his side defying them all.

### PARLIAMENT.

A vote of confidence in the South African policy of the Government was moved in the Lords by Lord Wemyss. An amendment by Lord Welby supported the prosecution of the war, but objected to confidence in the Government. This obtained the support of sixteen peers, including the Bishop of Hereford, who protested against the war on the ground that it meant the unconditional surrender of the Boers. Lord Rosebery took no part in the debate, and after the rejection of the amendment the motion of Lord Wemyss was adopted without dissent. In the Commons an Irish debate was signalled by a speech from Mr. Morley, who declared that we ought to grant to Ireland the self-government enjoyed by the Colonies. The Irish administration was severely criticised by Mr. Macartney on behalf of the Irish Unionists, and Mr. Dillon complained that Ireland was governed by Lord Londonderry and the *Times* newspaper. Lord Stanley stated that the War Office had not given a contract for the supply of meat to the troops in South Africa which would exclude the markets of Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Chamberlain, in answer to complaints about Maltese grievances, pointed out that Malta was a fortress and not a colony, and that its official language must be English and not Italian. Mr. Balfour made the important announcement that the Dutch Government had formulated peace proposals on behalf of the Boers.

### THE TELEPHONE DEBATE.

The telephone agreement came up for debate in the House of Commons on Jan. 27. Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the Lord Mayor, moved an amendment to the Address to the effect that the relations existing between the Post Office, the Treasury, and the National Telephone Company should be inquired into by a public committee, and that, pending the issue of a report by such a body, all negotiations with the National Telephone Company should be suspended. Mr. Lough, who seconded the motion, said that the agreement disregarded all pledges, and firmly established another nine years' monopoly of the Telephone Company. He also pointed out that the agreement entirely interfered with the streets of the Metropolis, and that the Post Office had given to the company the use of their wires in the streets of London, which meant that the two millions given by the House for the establishment of a competition had practically gone to enrich the company. He added that the good bargains which this company obtained from the Government were not a little influenced by the strong political support which they could command in the House. Mr. Austen Chamberlain rose to combat, in a spirited speech, Mr. Lough's contention, and outlined the advantages which London must secure under the agreements. He held that there would be competition in speed, efficiency, and suitable service, and that the system proposed to be introduced into London would be unrivalled. Mr. Kearley and Mr. Buxton supported the amendment, and Mr. Hanbury passionately defended the agreement. Sir Joseph Dimsdale, after the Government assurances, was anxious to withdraw his motion, but this the House would not permit, and accordingly the question went to a division which resulted in a Government majority of eighty-eight against the amendment. During the debate, the Postmaster-General, Lord Londonderry, was present in the Peers' Gallery.

At the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Committee of the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund the chair was occupied by Sir Ralph Knox, K.C.B. Mr. Charles Dibdin, the honorary secretary, reported that notwithstanding the increasing number of appeals made to the service for help during the past year, the Fund had continued to flourish. The Civil Service Life-Boats have saved 410 lives, and the total sum paid to the Institution by the Fund since its establishment in 1866 has amounted to £27,562 8s. 9d., all of which has been raised in half-crown subscriptions and other small amounts.

Viscount Duncannon on Jan. 23 held a reception of nurses and doctors at the new premises of Bovril, Limited, of which company his Lordship is chairman, in Old Street and Bunhill Row. The visitors were shown the manufacture of Bovril and the organisation for its distribution to all parts of the world. The new premises, built from designs by Mr. H. V. Lanchester, architect, are the finest of their kind in London. They are of fireproof construction, with all columns and beams embedded in cement. Some of the floors are 16 in. thick. The plant and machinery are the very latest, and all machines above ground-level are driven by electric motors, the current being generated by dynamos. An artesian well gives a large supply of splendid pure soft water.

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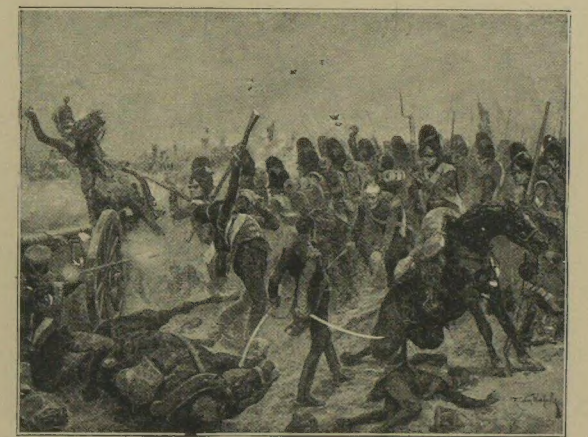
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THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO GERMANY FOR THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN.



THE KAISER AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS AT THE LEHRTER STATION, BERLIN, JANUARY 25.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO GERMANY FOR THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN.



THE LUNCHEON AT THE BARRACKS OF THE 1ST PRUSSIAN DRAGOON GUARDS: THE KAISER PRESENTING THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, JANUARY 26.

*The presentations were made at the entrance to the officers' quarters.*

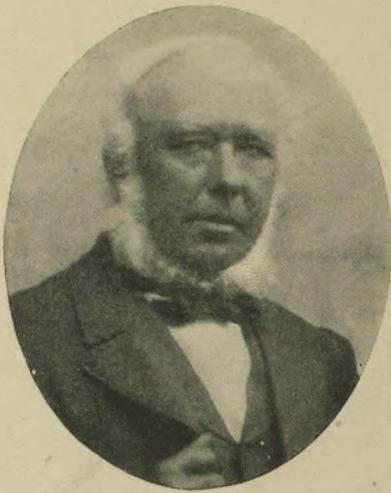


## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BERLIN.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left Charing Cross on the evening of Jan. 24 on his way to Berlin to pay an entirely private and family visit to the German Emperor in honour of his Imperial Majesty's birthday. In accordance with the unofficial nature of the journey, his Royal Highness drove to the railway-station without escort or guard-of-honour, and the only signs that so distinguished a traveller was making his departure were the carpeting of the platform with crimson cloth and the exclusion of the general public. The Prince, accompanied by Lord Wenlock, drove in a pair-horse brougham from York House, and was received at the station by Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and other officials of the line. Without delay the Prince stepped into the train, which at once steamed out of the station. From Dover the Prince of Wales crossed to Calais, and thence travelled by way of Cologne to Berlin, where he arrived at seven o'clock on Saturday evening. The German Emperor, in the uniform of the Royal Dragoons, received his cousin in person, and his Imperial Majesty was attended at the Lehrter Railway Station by Prince Eitel Fritz, Prince Henry, Prince Frederick Leopold, Prince Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and others. The British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, was also on the platform, and as the train entered the station the band of the 2nd Foot Guards played a march and the English National Anthem. On alighting, his Royal Highness appeared in the uniform of the 1st Prussian Dragoons, and after a most cordial welcome from the Emperor, he accompanied his Majesty to his carriage and drove to the Castle by way of Unter den Linden escorted by half squadrons of the 1st Dragoon Guards. Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Berlin, writes as follows concerning the departure from the station: "As the procession arrived at the base of the steps leading up to the exit, the English and foreign correspondents gave some lusty cheers, and turning round, both his Majesty the Kaiser and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales saluted us in return for the hurrahs and hohs!" The same evening the Prince dined with the imperial family, and on the following morning he visited the barracks of the 1st Dragoon Guards (Queen Victoria's). The Emperor and the Prince afterwards lunched with the officers. At the luncheon the Kaiser drank to the Prince of Wales and to the British Army, and in his speech referred to the

death of Queen Victoria and to the Prince of Wales's Colonial tour; but the speeches which have been made during the present visit by either the Prince or the Emperor have been carefully shorn of all political significance. Consequently the Prince's reply was limited to a brief expression of thanks. The celebrations of the Emperor's forty-third birthday on Jan. 27 were ushered in at an early hour by the trumpeters of Queen Victoria's Dragoons, who ascended the cupola of the Royal Schloss and played upon the silver trumpets, presented by our late Queen, the chorale, "Lobe den Herrn, den mächtigen König der Ehren." The band of the 2nd Foot Guards played under the



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM FIFE,  
Racing-Yacht Builder.



MR. T. MILVAIN, K.C.,  
New M.P. for Hampstead (Conservative).



THE REV. CANON J. P. A. BOWERS,  
New Archdeacon of Gloucester.

Emperor's window. Shortly thereafter the family party, including the Prince of Wales, offered their congratulations to the Emperor, and later in the day a similar ceremony was performed by the Princes and notabilities. The service in the Schloss Chapel followed, and was succeeded by a levée, attended by the Imperial Chancellor and the Ambassadors of the Great Powers. After luncheon the Emperor and the Prince of Wales in their grey overcoats, across which they wore the broad orange ribbon of the Black Eagle, walked to the arsenal, where his Imperial Majesty gave the password for the day. The Emperor pointed out to his guest and cousin all that was most interesting in the arsenal, and presented to him the principal officers. King Edward has sent to the Kaiser by the hands of his son a copy of the famous portrait of Frederick the Great which hangs in Windsor Castle; and his Imperial Majesty has received with great delight the portrait of his illustrious ancestor. The Prince has been appointed chief of the 8th Regiment of Cuirassiers. On Jan. 28 his Royal Highness left Berlin for Neu-Strelitz to visit the Grand Ducal Court.

## DEATH OF A FAMOUS WAR-DOG.

From Colchester is announced the death, by poison, of "Drummer," the celebrated dog of the Northumberland Fusiliers. "Drummer," who belonged to Colonel Ray, principal medical officer at the Military Hospital, served through the last Egyptian Campaign and was in the line of fire at Omdurman, where he snapped at the bullets, thinking they were flies. At the beginning of the South African War, "Drummer" went out with his own regiment and served at Magersfontein, the Relief of Kimberley, and Wynberg, at which last place he was wounded in the shoulder. It was Queen Victoria's intention to award him a medal, but technical difficulties arose, and "Drummer" had to be content with miniature medals and clasps, which, though they bore no official sanction, served to remind his friends of the many battles in which he had taken part. His decorations commemorated the engagements of Diamond Hill, Johannesburg, Paardeberg, Driefontein, Kimberley, Belmont, and Modder River. He had the further distinction of being the only dog which Lord Methuen permitted to accompany his force from the Orange River.



Photo. R. Deacon, Colchester.

A CANINE VETERAN DEAD: "DRUMMER," THE DOG  
OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

## PORTRAITS.

The death, at an advanced age, of Mr. William Fife, has been the cause of general regret among all persons interested in the designing of craft for rivers or of ships that go down to the sea. Sixty years ago, when Mr. Fife began his career, the designing of pleasure-boats was not the feature that it has since become; and the name of Fife is now most popularly associated with the part taken by the late Mr. Fife's son in the attempt of *Shamrock I.* and of *Shamrock II.* to "lift" the America Cup. An allusion to the late Mr. Fife as "the last of the old yacht-builders" needs to be modified by a

reference to the still hale and hearty Mr. Benjamin Nicholson, head of the great Gosport firm. By a coincidence, while British yachtsmen were called upon to lament the death of Mr. Fife, their American fellows had to regret the passing away of Mr. Oddie, who had acted as secretary to the New York Yacht Club ever since he was twenty—a period of thirty-four years, and who was the friend of all British yachtsmen connected with the America Cup contests during that period.

Mr. Milvain, K.C., who re-enters the

House of Commons, now as member for Hampstead, was born nearly fifty-eight years ago. Educated first at Durham School, he afterwards proceeded to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Called to the Bar, he early made a position for himself, and in due course took silk, and became Recorder of Bradford and Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham. From 1885 to 1892—during two Parliaments—he sat for Durham City, but was not again returned; and at Cocker-mouth, which he contested in 1895, he did not win at the poll.

The Rev. Canon J. P. A. Bowers, who has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Gloucester, vacant by the retirement of the Ven. J. W. Sheringham, was educated at Cambridge, and had later a close connection with "Town" by holding a curacy there. That was in 1880, and was his second charge of the sort. He was afterwards a curate in Bristol; and in 1883 was appointed Examining Chaplain to Bishop Ellicott. After holding a Minor Canonry for three years, he became a Diocesan Missioner, and a Canon Residentiary twelve years ago.

## THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL VILJOEN.

By the capture of General Ben Viljoen, announced by Lord Kitchener in a telegram dated Jan. 26, a leader inferior only to De Wet, Louis Botha, and Delarey has been removed from the Boer fighting force. Viljoen, it will be remembered, is the author of the famous



Photo. supplied by Mr. S. H. Long

COMMANDANT BEN VILJOEN, CAPTURED NEAR LYDENBURG, JANUARY 25.  
Viljoen is the central seated figure.



advice to his men—"Put your trust in God and the Mauser." The General was taken by a party of Intelligence Agents who had gone in search of Jack Hindon, the notorious train-wrecker, believed to be on a farm in the neighbourhood of Lydenburg. In place of the train-wrecker was found the Boer General, two aides-de-camp, and an Adjutant. A fight ensued, in which the last was killed. The capture is expected to have a salutary effect on the Boers in the North.

#### SALE OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

The cession of the Danish West Indies to the Government of the United States of America is a fact which both recalls old and creates new history. It shows the westward trend of events, and further illustrates that shifting of power which left Spain perforce poorer at the close of the last century. Now, not by force of conquest, but by right of treaty, the policy of "expansion" in the United States is freshly asserted and confirmed. Very secretly have all the negotiations for the transfer been got through. Even now the terms of the treaty are not fully known. It was signed, however, in Washington on Jan. 24 by Mr. Hay, American Secretary of State, and M. Brun, the Danish Minister. Five million dollars is said to be the price; but following the invariable rule, no particulars are made public until the treaty comes before the Senate for the ratification which is an inevitable condition of its validation. Denmark, it is believed, leaves the United States free to deal with the political rights of the inhabitants.

#### SWIMMING IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

At the French School of Naval Gunnery and Seamanship, which is conducted on board the ships *Couronne* and *Calédonien*, at Salins d'Hyères, elementary lessons in swimming are given "on dry land," or, more accurately, on deck. The novices lie over camp-stools, and are thus taught the movements of the arms. The rhythmic combination of legs and arms is imparted by slinging the pupil by straps and cords from a boom, thus imitating the support of the water. Swimming, however, is so much a matter of confidence that we are inclined

to favour our own method, which, while permitting the support of a rope, introduces the learner to the water from the very beginning.

#### THE BLESSING OF THE NEVA.

The breaking-up of the ice on the Neva is an event of national importance to the Russians, and on the day



ENDURANCE-BY-RIGHT, THE GREATEST UNITED STATES FILLY OF 1901, PURCHASED BY MR. WHITNEY FOR 40,000 DOLLARS.

when the river first shows signs of being released from its winter bonds, a solemn ceremony of blessing the waters is performed by the high dignitaries of the Greek Church, in the presence of the Czar. The ceremony takes place at St. Petersburg, opposite the Winter Palace of the Czar, in a pavilion decorated with sacred pictures. On the pavilion platform are assembled the high officials of State, and below the steps, in two lines facing each other, appear the Russian priests in their splendid vestments. The mean day for the freezing of the Neva is Nov. 25, the earliest Oct. 28 and the latest Jan. 9. The mean day for reopening the river for traffic is April 21, and the earliest known March 18, which was the case in 1822. The average number of days during which navigation is possible is 218, the least 172, and the greatest 279. Recently ice-breaking vessels have been introduced.

#### THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

Mr. H. J. Hale and Mr. C. W. H. Taylor, the Oxford and Cambridge Presidents respectively, have not lost much time in selecting the crews from which the men who will row in the 'Varsity Boat-Race will be finally chosen. Oxford began its practice earlier than Cambridge this year, and first called upon Willis and Fleming, of Magdalen, Swanzy and Adams, the two Milburns, Kelly, of Balliol; and Whaley, of Worcester. The eight as at present constituted is as follows: G. C. Drinkwater (bow), D. Milburn (2), J. Younger (3), H. J. Hale (4), J. G. Milburn (5), A. de L. Long (6), H. W. Adams (7), F. O. J. Huntley (stroke); MacLagan is cox. The Cambridge crew is just a pound heavier than that of Oxford. W. H. Chapman is at present bow, T. Drysdale (2), J. Edwards-Moss (3), C. W. H. Taylor (4), F. J. Escombe (5), H. B. Grylls (6), P. H. Thomas (7), and R. H. Nelson (stroke).

#### THE REVIVAL OF THE SAILING-SHIP.

The *Rebecca Palmer*, of which we give an illustration, is one of a large fleet of sailing-ships now being built at Maryland for an American company to carry cargo between English and American ports. These vessels are of about 3000 tons, and depend entirely on sail-power, steam being used only for hoisting sails, getting up anchor, etc., by means of winches and capstans. The novel feature of the ships is their peculiar "fore and aft" rig, no square sails being set on any of the five masts. This enables a small crew of a dozen men to manage a craft usually requiring some thirty hands. The *Rebecca Palmer*, here depicted lying in Mill Bay Dock, Plymouth, accomplished her maiden voyage in twenty-one days, and brought a cargo of naphtha. Such was the inflammable nature of the cargo that no lights or smoking was allowed even on deck except on a particular spot amidships, where a temporary galley was erected to allow of food being cooked. The ship returns to New York with a cargo of china clay. Considering the high prices now ruling for coal, and the large amount of cargo-space taken up by engines and fuel, the new company is likely to profit by its bold undertaking in utilising sails once more as motive power instead of steam.

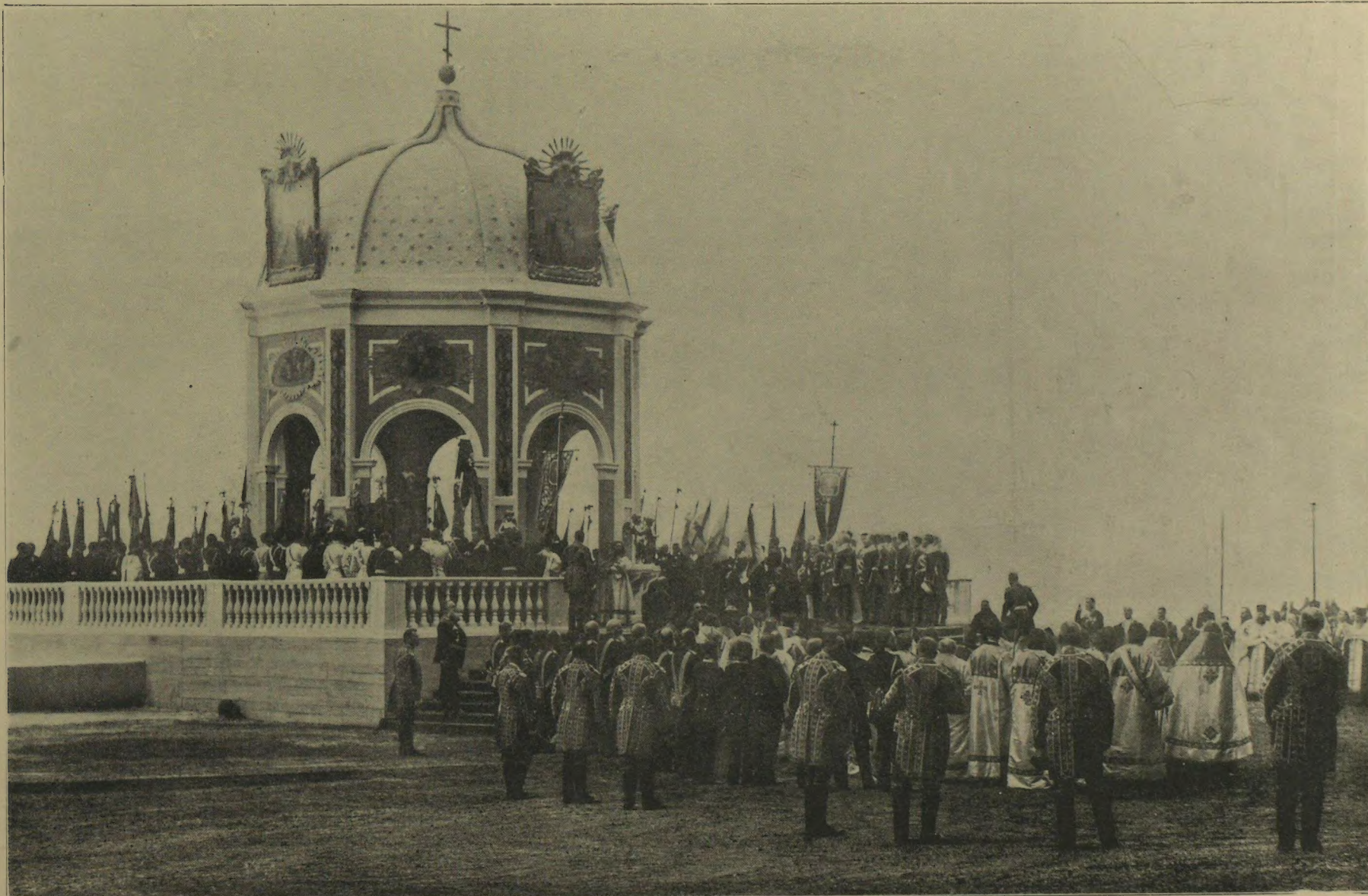


Photo. Bolak.

THE ANNUAL BLESSING OF THE NEVA WATERS ON THE BREAKING-UP OF THE ICE: THE CEREMONY BEFORE THE CZAR OUTSIDE THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE ON THE TELEPHONE AGREEMENT, JANUARY 27.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.





THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LEAVING CHARING CROSS STATION, JANUARY 24.



CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. II.: EDWARD, SON OF ALFRED.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CEREMONY AT KINGSTON, WHITSUNDAY, 901 A.D.





# Simon of York

## By Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

No. IV.

WHEREIN A GREAT OUTRAGE IS PERPETRATED UPON  
LAY BROTHER BONIFACE.

IT was upon the third day of July, being the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, that Simon of York discovered Henriette, the mercer's daughter, in close talk with lay brother Boniface of the great Dominican Abbey of St. Victor. That simple fellow, returning from his studies in the schools, was greatly shocked at the maid's coquetry; and waiting a moment until lay brother Boniface had passed down the street, he spoke his mind very freely.

"Henriette," said he, "what gossip is this which ties you to a monk's habit? Have you no care for your own good name that you should wish your worthy father to suffer scandal?"

Now, Henriette had delayed but a moment to give the lay brother news of a sick parishioner, and she was greatly angered that this red-haired Englishman should dare to speak of scandal. Knowing his reputation for tittle-tattle, she was at first tempted to give him a sound box upon the ear; but anon a better thought came to her, and casting down her eyes very demurely (than whom none could play Miss Humility better), she recollected Simon's amazing credulity, and determined to play upon it.

"Oh, Sir," she said, "that you should put an honest girl to the blush in this way! Let me tell you, then, that Brother Boniface is my husband."

Simon stepped back into the muddy gutter of the street and regarded the girl with such a look as should have pierced her through and through. Pretty Henriette, however, went on biting her apron-string regardless alike of his indignation and his astonishment.

"Of course you would not know it," she went on artlessly, "for we have kept it back from everyone. You see, Sir, his father is a rich merchant of Chartres, and when he heard that Boniface had married me, he gave a present to the Abbey, and they took my husband away, upon threat of a prison, to make a monk of him—and, oh, oh, oh, God help me! I shall never be happy again!"

Henriette could cry very prettily, as some of her admirers would tell you; and her distress was never more touching than when she stood weeping for Brother Boniface before the Abbey door. It would have moved a heart of stone to see her; and Simon of York, meddlesome fellow that he was, by no means lacked a measure of sympathy for the misfortunes of others. At the same time, his astonishment at her confession was so great that for many minutes together he could not utter a single word.

"Do not weep, Henriette," he said at last; "I have heard many wonderful things in this city of Paris, but this, surely, is the most wicked. What! To snatch a man from his wife and immure him in an abbey! If that is not a sacrilege, then never heard I of the sin which was."

He cracked his bony fingers at the thought, and for quite a long time repeated such phrases as "marvellous, extraordinary, infamous—a very scandal." Henriette, meanwhile, looking at him out of the corner of her roguish eyes, asked herself how much more of this fine story she might tell him.

"Ah, Sir," said she, between her sobs, "they have made a monk of poor Boniface, and I must suffer. He loved me when he was a free man, and I gave him all my heart. And now I must weep for him as for one who is dead. You cannot help me, Master Simon; no one can help a man when the Abbey gate is shut upon him.

Boniface will take the vows, and I shall be left to my sorrow. Oh, Sir, I am but eighteen years old, and how cruel it is—how cruel!"

She fell to weeping again, while the credulous Simon continued to exclaim upon the infamy.

"You mean to say," cried he, "that, since you are married to this man by Holy Church, his father has compelled him to enter the monastery as a lay brother, and that they will make a vowed monk of him presently? Never heard I so accursed a thing! Why, Rome herself should ring with the shame! Go back to your house now, and leave the business to me!"

This was a promise that Henriette had not looked for, and she exclaimed somewhat hastily—

"You will not tell my father, Sir; he knows not yet what I have done; and oh, Sir, I loved him so! I beseech you, keep our secret."

Simon was a little disconcerted to hear that old Platpied, Henriette's father, knew nothing of his daughter's marriage; but reflecting that much opposition must have been anticipated for a marriage between a mercer's daughter and Boniface of Chartres, he thought that he understood the case, and so quieted his conscience.

"This man being your husband, Henriette," said he, "it stands to reason that sooner or later your father must know of it. But do not let that alarm you. A crime has been committed, not only against the Church, but against Paris herself. If I seek assistance in righting a very great wrong, it will not be from your father, but from my own friends. The story that you tell me is the most wonderful I have ever heard. That a man should be snatched from his wife and immured in a monastery when our Holy Father Leo, in his bull, 'De Amore et Matrimonia,' has provided for such a crime, and named it anathema, passes all belief. I owe it to Paris and my fellow-students to see that such a thing shall not be hidden a moment longer. Go now to your home, Henriette, and leave it to me. This very night I may bring your husband to your side."

The threat was somewhat alarming, and pretty Henriette, first blushing very much at the promise, then turning away coquettishly, had the mind to confess all and have done with it. Unluckily, however, for Simon and his zeal, she bethought her at this moment of her spite against the monks, who set her the severest penances when she went to confession, and were always frowning upon the trifling sins which such a pretty girl could commit. "After all," she argued, "let the monastery look to it. My father is fond of laughing at the priests. He would not be very cross if I told him how it was; and this Simon is sure to be so foolish. I will tell him nothing," Henriette thought.

"You are very good, Master Simon," said she at last, "and I can never thank you enough for your kindness. If you bring my husband to me—but there, that you cannot do, for he is going to take the vows, and the monks will never release him. I shall never see my dear Boniface again! And should I not be faithless to ask for his liberty when his father threatens him with a prison for marrying me? The day has passed for that. I must live alone all my life!"

At which unhappy reflection she shed a few more tears; and wiping her eyes prettily, she answered all the worthy Simon's protests with the assurance that it could not be. In the end, she kissed his hand with rapture, and picking up her bundle, she went sadly to her own house. Simon, meanwhile, touched at the sight of her

tears, and fired by the just indignation of a zealot, gave no more thought that day either to the worthy doctor or to the schools wherein the philosophers wrangled. Girding his loins about with the armour of religious anger, he turned to places that were strange to him—to the lodgings of his English comrades, even, it must be confessed, to the taverns and the wine-shops; and everywhere, as he went, his tale was the same.

"My friends, I seek your help in a great matter. Let us draw aside, where none can listen. If the maid Henriette, the daughter of Platpied the mercer, is known to you, my task will be easier. What do you say when I tell you that she has married a husband, and that he lies in a cell above the Bièvre? You are honest men, and your blood will boil at this infamy. Notwithstanding the Holy Father and his bull, 'De Amore et Matrimonia,' I tell you that the Lord Abbot has carried off Boniface, the wench's husband, and put a habit about him. Here's the girl shedding tears like a martyr, and we, great hulking fellows, standing idly by while this outrage is committed upon the University and our privileges. Are you going to tolerate that, or are you not?"

Now, there was no story more likely to provoke the students of Paris than this amazing fiction which the worthy Simon carried to the taverns. Nursing hostility to the abbey as the first tradition of their order, it needed but the shallowest pretext to send them out upon a brawl with the monks, or to kindle their last enthusiasm for riot and its luxuries.

Hear the argument of Robert of Lincoln at the inn of the Golden Cross—

"What!" cried he, in the just amazement which wine and wrong together may arouse. "They snatch us from our lawful wives and lock us up with the holy bull! Out on them for a pack of scurvy varlets! Shall we be worthy children of our Lord the Pope if we do not this very instant call for the wine of Burgundy and lay a plan? There's no more faithful servant of the *de amore et damnoso* in all Paris than Robert of Lincoln at this moment! And I have some experience, Sirs."

Simon of York cut short these embarrassing confessions with a word of his learning.

"Ye have not the tale in good order, Robert," said he, "but that is no matter. If we suffer this villainy without protest, then our liberties are gone to the monks for all time! Now, it is my idea that, doing no injury to any man, we shall at least restore Brother Boniface to the wife the Church has given him. We have the Canon law on our side, and there is no doubt whatever that an appeal to Rome would justify us. Therefore, I say, do you and those with you, whom God has blessed with strength, come together to the bridge of the Bièvre, and let us knock at the monastery gate. It will be enough to demand that the man be given over to us, and that a public recantation be made. We owe this to our faith and our University. Some of you, I think, may owe it to little Henriette and her favours."

This was a wise appeal to a just weakness, and it did not fail to arouse a proper enthusiasm. Students, fired by the strong wine of Burgundy, leaped upon the tables and brandished empty bottles threateningly. Others, transposing a name, raised that merry love-song, "Oh, la jolie Henriette!" Some, more intoxicated than these, fell to arguing abstruse points of divinity in dark corners, and broke each other's heads in the pride of their deductions. Mine host, wracked by the noise and anxious to get rid



of all of them, told horrible tales of monks' extortion and debauchery. And the affair ended as all such affairs must end in that day of riot and licentiousness. A great throng of the students went, at length, lurching and shouting through the Pays Latin. Adding to their numbers as they marched, they emerged at last before the Abbey gate, where they pulled the postern bell so lustily that Peter the sacristan said the devil's fingers must be at the door. With which pious conclusion, he opened the wicket bravely and asked who stood without.

"An ye be travellers seeking a night's lodging," said he; "ye are in the nick of time. My Lord Abbot sits this instant at table; and never a better salmigondi than now goes to him from the kitchen. So enter, gentlemen, I beg of you! Holy John!" cried Peter the sacristan, breaking off suddenly, "what is this that I see!"

He slammed the wicket, forgetting his leisure; and twice bolting the door, he ran headlong to the Lord Abbot.

"There are five hundred students at your gate!" he roared as he went. "They brandish bottles and cry a devil's jargon! If you do not come down this instant they will break the doors and be in upon us! Hasten, Abbot, for the love of God!"

Now, the Lord Abbot Julien had just dipped his dainty fingers into the dish when these surprising tidings came to him; indeed, he had found a succulent bone, and was about to gnaw it ravenously (as men did in those times), when here stands Peter the sacristan, all breathless and raving; and here are thirty monks, lumbering to their feet, and here goes the alarm-bell ringing madly, and such a noise and such an uproar that all Paris might have been burning, and the Seine in flood. Julien the Abbot was a holy man; but something near akin to an oath came to his lips at that moment. He feared the students with a great fear. And they were at his gate.

"What!" he cried. "Five hundred of them? You dream, brother! What cause either *de disputante vel de inimicitia* have they with us now? Speak, my brother. What is their wish?"

"If it please your lordship," said Peter bravely, "I know no more than yourself what they cry for! Here's one says 'tis a man, and the other 'tis a wench. Such a jargon I never heard. They declare that one of us has a wife in the town, and I believe 'tis your lordship. I beseech you go down at once!"

Truly were these astonished tidings, and never did the good Julien betray a scorn more merited.

"What!" cried he. "A brother of this holy order who hath a wife in the town? Oh, unspeakable infamy! I will hear them, Peter. I will go to the window of the Scriptorium. Give me my staff—and see that the dish is not cooled. To drag a man from his meat with such a tale! St. Dunstan confound their impudence!"

He showed a brave front; and this, surely, the circumstance asked! As for the others, the brethren who clustered about him, who questioned him, who implored, entreated prudence, they were already telling each other that the house was doomed. Not in vain, they said, would the students of the Pays Latin come to their door. Never was this battle-cry raised, "Down with them!" but some must pay and some perish. They would be lucky men if the roof was above their ears in the morning.

The Lord Abbot went to the window of the Scriptorium, which overlooked the bridge and the place where the students were gathered, and drawing the casement back, he stood full to be seen before that angry throng. A man of fine presence, with a bishop's cross about his neck and a bishop's sapphire sparkling on his finger, he struck a noble attitude when he raised his hand and demanded silence. But such a yell greeted his ears as would have moved a statue. Close packed beneath the window were the serried ranks, the swaying faces, the student army in battle array. Banners waved in the air, swords flashed in the crimson light, stout young lungs hurled defiance. The Lord Abbot stepped back from the window and closed his ears. They would hear such yells in Rome, he said.

"What do you ask of me—what do you want?" he roared.

A hundred cried back—

"The husband of Henriette! Give him back to us!"

"Vain youths!" retorted the Lord Abbot; "what fable is this?"

"No fable, as the girl knows well! The husband of Henriette—give him back to us!"

The Lord Abbot advanced to the window, and, taking advantage of the hush, began to argue with them.

"Gentlemen," said he, very willing to propitiate them, "I know the girl you speak of; and you know her too. What have I to do with her or her husband? Think you that I harbour him? What folly! Enter and search, that you may admit your mistake!"

He spoke with great boldness, being assured that some silly tale had been told, and that his own denial would obtain ready credence. What was his astonishment, then, when loud above the trembling storm of voices, he heard the shrill tones of Simon of York crying—

"Oh, monstrous liar! the wench's husband stands at your very side!"

"What!" cried the Lord Abbot, aghast, "a monk!"

"Ay," roared twenty voices, "Brother Boniface! Give us Brother Boniface!"

It is to be imagined that the eyes of all the brothers were turned instantly upon the sinner thus incriminated. There he stood, a handsome youth whom some ecstatic impulse had sent to the monastery gate; and never in that city of Paris was there a lay brother more surprised.

"I swear before the Cross that it is a lie!" he pleaded earnestly. "I have seen the girl but three times in my life, and then to rebuke her for her liberty. Ye will not give me up, my brethren, ye will not hearken to them!"

Such was his defence, but his distress surpassed all words. To be delivered up to the mercy of that angry mob, to be carried God knew where or upon what errand! Brother Boniface's heart quaked at the thought. He clung to the Lord Abbot as a child to its father.

"You will not let me go, my lord! I tell you that it is a lie! Never was I the husband of any woman in my life! You will not believe it! Oh, for the Virgin's sake have mercy!"

It was a touching spectacle, and the great red sun, casting a full bright light into the window, showed Abbot and novice in a tender embrace. But the students, their appetites whetted, brooked no more delay. Deaf to all argument now, beating with pikes and staffs upon the postern gate, some clambering up as though to gain the windows, others crying with all their lungs, "Brother Boniface! Brother Boniface, we will not desert you!" they would, ere many minutes had passed, have swarmed into the Abbey itself, and, perchance, have razed it to the ground. From this fatality, however, the Lord Abbot's sagacity and his promise saved the monastery.

"I believe you, Brother Boniface," said he; "yet what can I do? If I do not hearken to these wolves, they will devour us all! Go with them a little way that their mistake may be discovered. They hail you for a friend, and as such they will treat you. Go, in God's name, and save us all."

Brother Boniface stared aghast at the Lord Abbot's invitation. He thought his superior must be mad. And yet, was not there method in the madness? The students cried out that they were Brother Boniface's friends. Would they harm him, then?

"Brethren," he said at last, "if the life of one can save all, that I give willingly. This is a very great mystery, and God knows what the end of it will be. But I will go and see, and do you meanwhile pray for me."

They answered him, "Yes, yes, we will pray for you!" and some hunting for his cape and some for his staff, and some lacing his sandals, and others shouting out that the students were already stoning the Abbey, they pushed the halting brother down the great corridor and delivered him up to the mob.

Old Platpied the mercer had closed his shop for the night, and was busy with his rough-and-ready accounts, when the students turned into the Rue Ste. Vierge and came pell-mell toward his house. Henriette, his daughter, bandying jests at the street-door with Jacques, the apprentice, heard the discordant sounds when they were yet afar off, and, making nothing of them, she thought that wild fellows were abroad pillaging a wine-shop. But, anon, the clamour approaching, she began to express some little curiosity; until at last the whole procession came to her view, and, terrified, she ran in with the tidings.

"Father! the students are out! They are coming down the street—five hundred are here, I say! Holy Virgin! what does it mean—what does it mean!"

Perchance, some suspicion of the truth came even then to trouble her. Old Platpied, however, knowing nothing of the story, rose from the table and stood listening to the uproar. With a sound of a torrent falling, as the rush of stream or the thunder of storm, that human flood came on. No longer was it possible to doubt the meaning of the outcry or the names that were uttered. Clear above the din you heard the words, "Henriette! Henriette—come out and find your husband!"

And Henriette's heart beat wildly at the words. She pressed it with both hands, while Platpied the mercer regarded her with terrible eyes.

"Hussey!" he snarled, "what does this mean!"

She tried to answer him, but breath failed her, and she must stammer out a lame excuse. A dreadful fear came over Henriette. These madmen would burn the house down, she said; for their vengeance would be satisfied with nothing less. As for old Platpied, he thrust her aside roughly as he stalked to the door to know what men asked of him. The spectacle which awaited him was enough to surprise any man.

There were five hundred brawlers in the Rue Ste. Vierge, and some of them carried pikes and some carried torches. The dresses of all nations were to be seen there; from the long cloak of the Spaniard to the English archer's jerkin; and as many caps as capes; and some, even, that wore chain of steel, and others that were the meekest fellows. Prominent in the gathering you might have espied Robert of Lincoln, and with him little William of Paisley and the merry Benedict and the cadaverous Simon, the leader in so good a cause. It was Simon who answered the mercer's question; and never did that worthy man hear stranger tidings.

"We are come to speak of your daughter's husband and to bring him to your house, good Platpied. Do not

be angry, worthy man, for the girl has married well. Here he is—Brother Boniface, whose father is the merchant of Chartres. You will take him to your arms and forgive them for that which is done."

Old Platpied steadied himself against the doorpost and regarded his tormentors more closely. He perceived now that one among them was an object almost of veneration; and he (the marvel of it!) wore a lay brother's habit, and his head was tonsured. High above the pavement the students carried him upon their lusty shoulders, and brave were the words they spoke.

"Courage, good Boniface!" "We will stand by you!" "Here is your wife coming out!" "Oh, brave Boniface, what a lover you will make!"

The lay brother sat high upon the shoulders of his friends, but never wore he a whiter face. Unable, even yet, to believe that it was more than a jest, denying the accusation, every word that he spoke they answered by a scoff, every protest by a promise.

"We will not desert you, Boniface!" "She is your own, good man!" "Sly dog! she will buss you by-and-by!" "She comes, she comes; take heart, O brother!"

To whom the good monk answered—

"I have no wife—be silent and respect my habit!"

Now, old Platpied steadied himself against the doorpost and began to interrogate his visitors—

"Sirs," said he, "what folly is this! My daughter has no husband, be sure of it! This is some evil tale which we may laugh at together. Let me offer you a stoup of wine, and go to your houses. That is wisdom, but this is child's folly!"

He spoke sound sense; but, unhappily for him, so deafening were the shouts about him that he might as well have addressed himself to the towers of Notre Dame. Not a man so much as listened to the argument, or cared a snap of the fingers for it. The students had come to bring a husband for Henriette, and Henriette should thank them, though the house and all within it fell about the mercer's ears. One cry, and one alone, greeted that astonished man—

"Bring out your daughter—bring her out, we say!" "Shame on you to keep lovers apart!" "Let Henriette be found!"

They swept Platpied aside as a torrent, and went pell-mell into the house. Pretty Henriette, stricken with terror, had fled already to the garrets; but lusty limbs pursued her, and big hands dragged her down. At last they thrust her forward into Brother Boniface's arms, while raucous voices cried, "Be reconciled, be reconciled!" She, on her part, lay in the good retreat of the monk's embrace as in some haven of security. "These strange men would kill her," she said. She had tumbled to the ground but for the astonished Boniface's stout right arm.

"The kiss of peace—give her the kiss of peace!" the word went on. "What! do you not wish to kiss your wife—shame on you, craven! We will even kiss her for you!"

Brother Boniface, in sheer distress, kissed the pretty Henriette, and tried to draw her out of the press.

But Robert of Lincoln, while this was happening, and William of Paisley and the merry Benedict discovered the mercer's cellar and dragged good barrels from it to the pavement without. Anon, wine flowed in the Rue Ste. Vierge like water. There were a hundred torches about the barrels, and as many masqueraders to dance a roundabout. The Rector's watch came and did but drink with those they should have arrested. It was a very carnival, which dawn did not end.

Now, lay brother Boniface sat alone with Henriette in an upper room of the house while Platpied below was weeping for his barrels; and the thoughts in lay brother Boniface's head were these—

"I am a lay brother, it is true; but I am not a monk, for I have not taken any vows. My father is a rich man of Chartres, and would sooner see me out of a monastery than in it. He will not mind my marrying a mercer's daughter, for he is in trade himself, and was never a friend to the nobles. If I go back to the monastery, they will question me about the kissing, and many will fall away; but, on the other hand, if I marry Henriette, I shall be able henceforth to get by right that which to-night I have got by violence. I will speak to the girl and see if she be a sensible maid or no."

With this in his mind, he turned to the girl and laid a caressing hand upon her arm.

"Henriette," said he, "I know not what it was, but when I kissed you just now, there came to me such a bliss as must be Paradise itself. You know that I am a lay brother who has not yet taken the vows, so that it is possible for me, if I wish it, to go out into the world and to seek a wife. We are taught by the Scriptures, my child, to lift our eyes to heaven often; and where shall I lift them, for my content, if it is not to the eyes of pretty Henriette!"

Henriette, astounded at this speech, and finding lay brother Boniface already to be as gentle as he was handsome, did not draw away when she was thus addressed; but nestling a little closer to him, she cast down her bashful eyes and said—

"Oh, Brother Boniface!"





*"The kiss of peace—give not the kiss of peace!"*

"SIMON OF YORK."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.



"MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, JANUARY 27.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



INCIDENTS AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL, AND OF THE PRODUCTION.



"MADEMOISELLE MARS," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, JANUARY 25.

DRAWN BY G. AMAL.



Marie Louise (Miss May Taverer), Napoleon (Mr. Lewis Waller).

Mdlle. Mars (Mrs. Langtry).

ACT I. THE GARDEN OF THE DUCHESS D'AUMONT'S CHATEAU, MARSEILLES, 1794.

ACT III. IN MADEMOISELLE MARS' ROOM.

ACT IV. NAPOLEON'S CABINET IN THE ROYAL CHATEAU, DRESDEN.



## THE OVERDUE "CONDOR" AND HER LUCKLESS SPANISH NAMESAKE.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.

For some time past there has been great anxiety regarding H.M.S. *Condor*, the successor and namesake of the famous gun-boat which was commanded by Lord Charles Beresford during the bombardment of Alexandria, and which received on that occasion Admiral Seymour's recognition in the signal which has now become proverbial, "Well done, *Condor*." It was rumoured that the vessel, while proceeding under sail to Honolulu, had gone down with all hands, but although it was known that there had been a very severe gale in the Pacific, a hopeful view of the situation was taken as late as Jan. 16.

On Jan. 22 a steamer which had sailed from Honolulu on Jan. 15 arrived at San Francisco, but she brought no news of the missing war-vessel. An Australian steamer which reached Victoria, British Columbia, on the same day was likewise without information; and in Victorian naval circles there has been a general opinion that the *Condor* had gone down. On Jan. 25 the Admiralty issued the following report:

"The Secretary of the Admiralty regrets to state that nothing has been heard of his Majesty's ship *Condor* since her departure from Esquimalt on Dec. 2. She was due at Honolulu on the 15th of that month, but had not arrived up to Jan. 15, the date of last mail leaving that place. Arrangements have been made to ensure the earliest information that may come to hand being forwarded to

the Admiralty at once. In the very possible event of any accident having occurred to her machinery, necessitating sole dependence on sail power, her arrival at Honolulu might be still considerably delayed. There is no telegraphic communication with Honolulu. As a measure of precaution, his Majesty's ship *Phaeton* has been ordered to proceed from Esquimalt and follow in the probable track of the *Condor* to the latitude of San Francisco, and then continuing the search to the westward. Masters of vessels leaving San Francisco for the west have been requested to keep a look-out for her. The United States Government has been requested to be good enough to ascertain from their officials on the coast between Vancouver and San Francisco whether intelligence has been received of

also fitted for sailing, and is barque-rigged. One hope for the vessel, which may be read between the lines of the official report, consisted in the fact that if, through any breakdown of machinery, she had been compelled to use her sail power alone, she would in light or contrary winds have taken a long time to cover the 2580 miles from Esquimalt to Honolulu. In November 1900, the *Condor* was commissioned at Chatham under Commander Clifton Sclater.

The name *Condor* seems at the present moment to be one of peculiarly ill-fortune, for on Jan. 24, while a Spanish gun-boat, the namesake of our missing war-ship, was chasing some boats engaged in illegal fishing off Vigo, her boilers blew up, and she was totally destroyed. Two engineers and a sailor were killed, and others injured

any British ship in distress."

The United States authorities have ordered the cutter *McCulloch*, of San Francisco, to join in the search. The *McCulloch* will go as far out and as far north as the mouth of the Columbia River. In the area immediately to the north of that, search is being carried on by the cutter *Grant*. The *Condor* was launched in December 1898.

The *Condor* is a steel-built ship of 980 tons, sheathed and coppered for foreign service. Her length is 180 ft., and her beam 33 ft. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, and the power is supplied by Belleville boilers. She is



THE SPANISH GUN-BOAT "CONDOR," BLOWN UP OFF VIGO, JANUARY 24.



H.M.S. "CONDOR," SUCCESSOR TO LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S FAMOUS SHIP, SUPPOSED LOST IN THE PACIFIC.



TOPICS OF THE HOUR AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE RETURN TO SAILS: THE FIVE-MASTED "FORE AND AFT" RIGGED "REBECCA PALMER,"  
FOR TRANSATLANTIC TRAFFIC.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES, SOLD TO THE UNITED STATES  
JANUARY 24.

THE COLOMBIAN REVOLUTION: GOVERNMENT WHARF, PANAMA.

THE COLOMBIAN REVOLUTION: PANAMA BAY, THE SCENE OF THE NAVAL BATTLE ON JANUARY 20.

PRACTICE FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: CAMBRIDGE BRINGING DOWN THE BOAT FROM THE GOLDIE BOAT-HOUSE.



THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.—No. II: GERMANY

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



TYPES OF GERMAN BATTLE-SHIPS, CRUISERS, AND TORPEDO-BOATS.



# THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

Tafelkop



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAMANT'S DESPERATE FIGHT IN A THUNDERSTORM AGAINST THREE HUNDRED BOERS ON DECEMBER 20.

On December 19 the column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Damant, D.S.O., left Frankfort to attack on completion the Boer force from Frankfort to Tafelkop the first step in the campaign. Early on the morning of December 20 the Boers, Colonel Damant and his staff, and the 91st Imperial Yeomanry, were surrounded on a small kopje by three hundred Boers. A desperate fight ensued, resulting in the loss of the column - either killed or wounded - the death of Captain Gausson, I.Y., and the Royal Artillery Officer, while Colonel Damant and several of his officers were severely wounded, the Colonel in four places. The fight took place fifteen miles from Frankfort. Two men were struck by lightning during the engagement.





THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA: DE WET'S NIGHT SURPRISE OF THE BRITISH CAMP AT TWEEFONTEIN ON DECEMBER 24

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*The camp of Colonel Firman's column was pitched on the northern slope of an isolated kopje, which was precipitous on its southern side. Under the cloudy moonlight 2000 Boers under De Wet scaled the steep ascent, overpowered the pickets on the top, and rushed the camp. After two rounds the 15-pounder gun jammed, and the detachment was shot down around it. About half the men of the column fell or were made prisoners.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Winds of Cathrigg.* By Christabel Coleridge. (London: Isbister. 6s.)  
*King Fritz's A.D.C.* By Frank Hird. (London: Bell. 6s.)  
*Captain Bluiitt.* By Max Adler. (London: Ward Lock. 7s.)  
*The Fourth Estate.* By A. Valdes. Translated from the Spanish by Rachel Child. (London: Grant Richards. New York: Brentano 18, 6d.)  
*The Idler out of Doors.* By Walter Raymond. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)  
*Fame and Fiction.* By E. A. Bennett. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)  
*The Wessex of Thomas Hardy.* By B. C. A. Windle. Illustrated by G. H. New. (London: John Lane. 21s.)  
*Italian Journeys.* By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (London: Heinemann. 10s.)  
*Ireland and the Empire.* By T. W. Russell, M.P. (London: Grant Richards.)

The main interest in "The Winds of Cathrigg" is to be found in the fact that it is the study of a soul—the hero's soul. Miss Christabel Coleridge has essayed to do great things, and has achieved some of them. Her naturally fluent style makes reading easy, and her pages have the added grace of simplicity. But manner is not more than matter, and Miss Coleridge seems to have concentrated her abilities about the development of her hero to the detriment of the other characters, who are described rather than differentiated. If one has a good memory the descriptive label attached to each at the outset may serve as a clue later on, but it certainly adds nothing of entertainment or genuine interest; instead, we have a dead level of mediocrity from which the story never really rises, in spite of occasional flashes of insight. Indeed, viewed simply as a story, there is little enough to praise: commonplace is a hard word to use, but it describes accurately most of the happenings which are not merely fortuitous. The real human interest is to be found, as has been said already, in the hero, Carodac Crosby, and his trials, his temptations, and final triumph. The two heroines and their numerous aunts are as stiff and wooden as so many Dutch dolls; and suffer from an appalling lack of spontaneity. The descriptive passages display an intimate knowledge of the beautiful and wild North Country.

In his forenote to "King Fritz's A.D.C." Mr. Frank Hird recalls, with evident pleasure, his wanderings among the old Court cities of Germany, where much of the material for his story was collected. He can scarcely hope that the inhabitants of these same Court cities—provided that they read his pages at all—will reciprocate his sentiments, for, to speak frankly, several of the principal characters have neither morals nor manners worth mentioning. It is perhaps a mitigating circumstance that Mr. Hird does not condone this laxity. He knows right from wrong, and is not afraid to call a spade a spade; and for this reason his pictures of the great lady and the royal personage, in whom the superfluity of naughtiness abounded, are less reprehensible than they might have been. Although the story has its pleasanter aspects, it is not, on the whole, inspiring. The conviction grows on one that the kingly office is no sinecure: the man who may not marry where he loves, but must wed for reasons politic, may well envy his ploughman. For the rest, there is intrigue and incident enough and to spare, and the omnivorous sensation-hunter may read and not grow morbid.

After a silence of many years the author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly" has published a new volume of humour. It is rumoured that, in the interval, he has been engaged in some serious occupation; but, from the preface of "Captain Bluiitt," we gather that he does not consider the writing of humorous fiction beneath the dignity of man. This is a comfort, and it would be still more comforting if Max Adler had shown us that his hand had not lost its cunning. The book that made his reputation was one of the best of its school, quite equal to Mark Twain in his happiest vein. Unluckily "Captain Bluiitt" is very long, and for the most part very dull. Much of it is taken up with fugitive slaves before the American Civil War, and it is difficult to believe that at this time of day many people can feel a passionate interest in this subject. It was exhausted by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and we do not yearn for any more of it. Then Max Adler has a love-story, of the type that has been done to death for a generation. He plods through it with painstaking detail, as if it were of the utmost freshness and importance. Captain Bluiitt himself is a retired mariner with no character to speak of—character, that is, for the purposes of fiction—and the one funny personage in the book is an inventor whose inventions have no practical benefit for himself or the world. We have met him before, and cannot pretend that it is a rare pleasure to renew his acquaintance. "Captain Bluiitt," in fine, ought to have been written about forty years ago, and we question whether, even then, it would have been considered interesting.

Señor Valdes, the author of "The Fourth Estate," is a well-known Spanish novelist, whose work, though it is less exciting than that of his great contemporaries, Juan Valera and Perez Galdos, possesses a marked individuality, and has received the honour of repeated publication outside Spain. He is still a young man; a conscientious and painstaking writer who has held aloof from the literary cliques and coteries of Madrid, where, as in other countries that might be mentioned, log-rolling is not unknown. His book, "The Fourth Estate," is cleverly and delicately written; he has a gift of literary *genre*-painting, and his pictures of Spanish life are wonderfully vivid and full of the essential characteristics of their time

and place. In the first part of the book the translation does not succeed in capturing the author's atmosphere—it does no more than give an adequate rendering of the words; but as the story moves on, the translation improves considerably, and great scenes, such as the death of the Alcalde, Don Roque, and the episodes in which the Duke of Tornos takes part, lose nothing in their English setting. The book may be recommended to all readers in search of a good modern novel from Spain. Only the opening chapters are unsatisfactory, and the author succeeds in presenting a very interesting story of life in a small provincial Spanish town. His men and women have plenty of vigour and passion; they do not belong to the stock-room of the novel-maker.

The wayfaring men increase, and the story of England's country charm is told on every hand. Mr. Walter Raymond is a worthy member of the great vagrant brotherhood; and his book, "The Idler out of Doors," enshrines for us not a little of the delight of the West Country. He has seen the spring come with all her pageantry to the Somerset moors, where the wild red deer may yet be found; and has watched the spring yield place to summer in King Arthur's land. Camelot lives for him to-day, and he knows the Wishing Well in which the true believer can yet see the vision of King Arthur's Palace with its gates of gold—the well to which the phantom king and his courtiers yet ride on nights when the belated countryman hears the loud passing of the hunt. From Mr. Raymond's pages something



THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

Reproduced from George Eliot's "Poems," in Messrs. Blackwood's Library Edition, by permission of the Publishers.

of the charm and glamour of place and time reaches us as we read. The scream of the jay, the tapping of the woodpecker, the flight of the heron, the widening circle on the surface of the trout-stream, tell him their story; orchards in bloom thrill him with their beauty. In short, he justifies the title of his book: he is an Idler, one of the few for whom the sun loves to shine, the flower to bloom, the birds to sing, and all the changing splendour of the seasons to unfold itself. The ardent lover of Nature is happy in England. In more northern countries the summer is short; in the South an intense sun burns all the green to brown; but Great Britain has many districts where the face of the earth becomes touched in March with a beauty that only passes with November—a beauty that intoxicates its lovers more than wine, that tempts them more than all the wealth that comes to the successful worker in great cities.

In his "Fame and Fiction," an interesting volume better described by its sub-title, "An Enquiry into Certain Popularities," Mr. E. A. Bennett essays a difficult task. It is nothing less than to reconcile the two great rival camps of readers: the minority, "which despises the majority for being 'inartistic,'" and the majority, which resentfully "accuses the minority of arrogance and affectation." We have only to think of "The Master Christian" and "The Eternal City," and, say, "The Soft Side" and "The Nether World," to recognise the magnitude of his undertaking; and Mr. Bennett, if he does not include Mr. Henry James's and Mr. Hall Caine's popularities among those he deals with, is at least sufficiently daring to bring Miss Corelli and Mr. George Gissing within the same covers. He claims to find in every author with a firmly established popularity qualities

that demand respect. He certainly strives hard to. On the other hand, he shows clearly that his own tastes are not found in the large editions, and Mr. George Moore, is, we take it, the pick of his basket. In a book designed to discover qualities that demand respect in works where we should not have thought of finding such, the critical estimates are apt to err on the side of over-appreciation. It is only when writing of Mr. J. M. Barrie, we think, that Mr. Bennett evades doing rather more than justice to his subject.

Mr. Bertram Windle and Mr. New have accomplished an interesting task in the volume called "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," and yet many readers will be ungrateful. Have we not been warned of the disappointment that follows when "Science from Creation's face Enchantment's veil withdraws"? To unveil is the mania of our times. What science strives to do to creation, the commentator does to the artist. Thomas Hardy's Wessex is a country wherein most of us have spent delightful days. By the side of it Dorset and Devon, Cornwall and Berkshire, are almost uninteresting. The novelist has created his own country; to localise it was unnecessary. We shall not love it better. When children are pleased with a mechanical toy, they are eager to open it "to see the wheels go round." Some grown-up children carry this spirit of restless inquiry out of the nursery. They have a craving to find out where great colourists procure their pigments, how poets find their characteristic expressions, whence novelists draw their inspiration. This information, always useless, is often ugly; it is calculated to attract attention that would be better devoted to the spirit and truth of a master's work. If the deliberate unveiling of what an artist has elected to leave covered is permissible or wise, Mr. Windle and Mr. New may be congratulated, for while they are enthusiastic and comparatively discreet, their book makes the task of the modern investigator comparatively easy. But, despite their efforts, only a Thomas Hardy can see the Wessex of the novels. The rest of the world must look to him—no guide-book will help them.

Mr. W. D. Howells' well-known "Italian Journeys," aided by the illustrations of Joseph Pennell, makes an attractive volume of little practical use. If one wishes to visit Italy in this twentieth century, some more modern impressions of the life there must be sought, for the country that Mr. Howells knew is not the Italy of to-day. As a volume of past-time travels, presenting a picture that was true many years ago, "Italian Journeys" is always worth reading, for the American writer came to Italy gifted with most of the qualifications that help to make a successful book. He had a keen observation, a keen appreciation for what is fine in art and great in history, a solid background of reading, a sense of humour, and a pleasing style. Thus equipped, he was able to select his materials properly, and handle them to advantage. He is easily followed on his journey through Italy, from north to south or west to east, and the impression made by Italy upon a cultivated American is the more interesting by reason of the average reader's recollection of Americans whom he has met in Italy striving to see the greatest number of sights in the least possible time at the cost of appreciating nothing. Mr. Howells' book has done a great deal to keep us from misjudging American travellers, and has maintained its freshness through a very long period. The present edition is profusely illustrated, and some of the illustrations realise and express a certain charm that is quite Italian and almost undefinable in words. Had the volume been written last year, it would have been a model of the literary guide—the book that helps the traveller to see and to appreciate.

Mr. T. W. Russell has written a pamphlet to explain the change of his views on the Irish question. He continues to be a Unionist, and believes that the creation of a Parliament in Dublin would be fatal to Imperial unity. But he holds that all Irish measures in the House of Commons should be referred to a Committee of the Irish members, and he warns the country that, if this concession be not made, it will be difficult to resist more drastic changes. In regard to Irish land, Mr. Russell is in favour of the complete expropriation of the landlords under a scheme of compulsory purchase. He has ceased to believe in the utility of the Irish landlords as a British garrison, and he has come to believe in the patriotism and good faith of the Nationalist leaders. He declares that hitherto he has entirely misunderstood and misjudged the motives and the policy of Mr. Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien, and Mr. Healy. He adopts the Gladstonian view of the methods by which the Act of Union was passed, and the Nationalist view of landlordism as the enemy of the people. The landlords, he says, have never been true Unionists, and have fought for nothing but their own selfish interests. In reply to the contention that compulsory sale will work great injustice to the landlords, he argues that they will suffer less by expropriation than by the next revision of rents. Rents have already been reduced forty-two per cent., and the process of reduction cannot be arrested. Mr. Russell denies that any political or moral benefit can accrue from the perpetuation of the landlord system, for which he would substitute a system of "occupying ownership" under conditions that would make it impossible for the new owners to sub-let, sub-divide, or become absentees. As for the cost of the scheme, Mr. Russell believes that it would entail no burden on the British taxpayer, but would be met by a loan for advances to the tenantry, who would repay capital and interest within a reasonable period. It will be seen that Mr. Russell has abandoned what most Irish Unionists supposed to be Unionist principles, but has not embraced Nationalism in its entirety—at least, not yet.



THE OPENING-UP OF NIGERIA: THE SUPPRESSION OF FETISH-WORSHIP.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE GORGE OF THE "LONG JU-JU," DISCOVERED BY THE ARO EXPEDITION.

*The Ju-ju rites were celebrated in a deep oval-shaped gorge in the midst of thick bush. The hollow was flooded, and in the centre rose a small island on which was an altar of trade guns surmounted with human skulls. A great pile of skulls also lay on a rock, which was screened by a curtain of clothes above and mats below. On the left of the entrance the rocky sides of the gorge had been hewn out to form a sacrificial altar. Behind the guns and skulls stood a wooden altar bearing bones and feathers.*

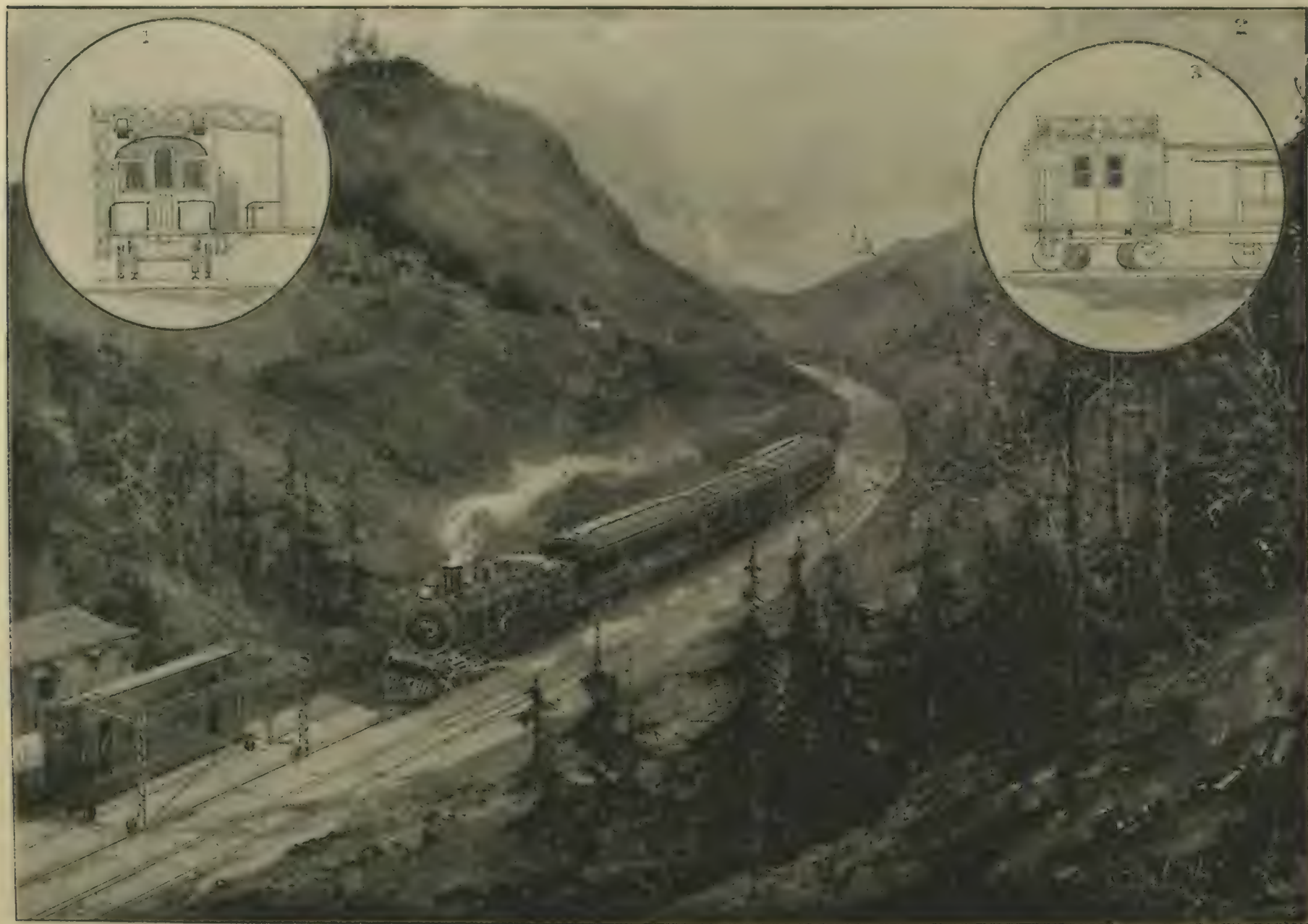




SWIMMING WITHOUT WATER: TEACHING THE ELEMENTS OF NATATION IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

THE SADDLE CAR ASTRIDE OF THE TRAIN.

METHOD OF PICKING UP AND DROPPING THE SADDLE CAR



BOARDING A TRAIN AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR: THE PROJECTED "SADDLE-CAR" METHOD.

The saddle car (Fig. 1) runs on rails outside the main line, and the express, travelling at full speed, picks it up at one station and drops it at the next. On the top of the express are rails (Fig. 3) which act on the broad wheels above the saddle car and impart to it the motion of the train. These rails are depressed or raised to effect the picking up or letting down. The inventor is John W. Jenkins.





IN SIGHT OF PEACE: "THE END OF THE PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING SEASON, FEBRUARY 1"

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Readers who have perused Mr. Darwin's book on "Insectivorous Plants" must have been struck by the extraordinary analogies that exist between the feeding of the plants and that of the animal world. The book constitutes a veritable romance of natural history, and to the contemplative mind that loves nature, the story it tells constitutes a veritable and perennial intellectual feast. Of late days Professor Vines has been investigating certain of the ways and works of plants that capture insects for food, and certain curious facts have been detailed by him before the Linnæan Society in connection with his researches into the life history and diet-habits of the pitcher-plants.

To understand the interest which attaches to this subject, we must first of all take cognisance of the differences which mark the feeding habits of the ordinary green plant and the animal, and leave out of count the plants which are not green—the mushrooms and others of that ilk—because their diet approaches more nearly to that of the animal naturally. The green plant is the type of the true vegetable-feeder, and it is within its province that we find our contrast most completely illustrated. Our plant, then, lives upon inorganic or non-living matter. If you invited the green plant to dine simply with you, the menu—supposing you wished to please your guest like a perfect host—would exhibit four courses: water for the soup, carbonic acid gas for the joint, ammonia for the sweets, and minerals for the dessert. On these four items the green plant lives and thrives. They are all non-living substances, and out of them the plant fabricates its living substance and all that appertains to its personal state. Green plant life, in this way, performs the miracle of transubstantiation. Out of that which is not living, in the shape of its food, it elaborates vital matter.

Now, the animal possesses no such powers. Higher it may be in the scale than the plant, but its commissariat powers are limited to the elaboration of living matter out of a basis of that which is already living. The animal's bill of fare consists of water, minerals, oxygen, and organic matter. This last item it derives from the animal and plant worlds. In our own experience, we deal with the butcher, fishmonger, grocer, and greengrocer, and these men supply us with living substance, or, what is the same thing, with matter drawn from the living worlds. The nitrogenous matter of fish, flesh, and fowl, starch, sugar, and fat, all are living products, and we demand oxygen from the air, and water and minerals in addition. Whether an animal eats grass or lives upon other animals is immaterial. We see in each case the dependence of the animal for food on that which is living matter, or which was once alive.

The proverbial exception which proves, or, at least, emphasises the rule, is, however, present with us here. Certain green plants have developed a singular taste for living matter as food, and they gratify that taste in the shape of the insects which they capture as prey. There are the Sundews that flourish in swampy places all over our own land. They capture insects by means of the sensitive tentacles of their leaves. The Venus Flytrap of North Carolina shows the same habit, save by a different mode of action on the part of its leaves. Other green plants trap insects, and the butterworts catch minnows. Then there are the pitcher-plants, *Nepenthes* and *Sarracenia*, whose leaves exist in the form of pitchers, into which unwary insects slip easily on the *facilis descensus Avernus* principle; and on the same principle find it impossible to retrace their errant steps or escape into the freedom they once knew.

It is not alone the capture of the insects by the plants that should interest us. Beyond the mere leaf-trap and its action lies the further question of the digestion of the prey thus entrapped. From the leaf in each case is poured out a secretion that dissolves and digests the insect's tissues and fits them for ready absorption and assimilation on the part of the leaf. The food thus digested, in other words, is utilised by the plant for the performance of its vital processes. The act of digestion is accomplished here as truly as it is in animals, and, what is more to the point, there is a close similarity to be noted betwixt the process as illustrated in the one kingdom of nature and in the other.

When we investigate stomach-digestion in animals, we discover that the gastric juice, which is the typical secretion of the stomach, contains a special ferment, called pepsin, that, with the assistance of an acid, digests the animal matters, or rather the nitrogenous principles, received in the food. Now, from the leaves of the insect-eating plants is poured forth on the insect prey a secretion that is analogous to the stomach-fluid in the animal. This, at least, is the view hitherto entertained regarding the nature of the digestive work in the plants that feed on animals. But Professor Vines has discovered that in the pitcher-plants (and by parity of reasoning we may suppose that the same remark holds good of other insect-eaters) it is not the stomach's digestive principle which is represented in their history, but rather that associated with the sweetbread.

The sweetbread's secretion digests all kinds of food, and it contains a principle called *trypsin*, which especially acts on nitrogenous foods, and therefore repeats and imitates the work of the gastric juice. In the pitcher-plants Professor Vines finds the analogy to our own sweetbread secretion. This is interesting news, and draws animal and plant more nearly together in respect of the analogies they exhibit. But to my mind the more important conclusion is that when plants are endowed with sensitiveness for the capture of insects, they appear to demand a higher class of food than those which do not exhibit nervous qualities. This may be an argument showing that vegetarianism is a mistake, and that animal food (in moderation) is needed for the exercise of the higher duties of life all round.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

J KELLY (Glasgow).—We are always sorry to give unnecessary trouble. Our remarks are only intended for the very "cocksure."

H A SALWAY (Grove End Road).—Thanks for amended diagram and for further contribution.

C M A B.—Black replies with Kt takes P at Q 3rd.

H WHITTEN.—We hope you do not think we intended for one moment to suggest your problem is not original. We only referred to the idea it embodied. It is marked for insertion in any case. The problem you send in four moves is quite familiar to us, and we have pleasant memories of solving it—forty years ago, alas!

F V HARTE (Manchester).—Key-move will do, but it does not always imply a solution of the problem. The solution you offer of No. 3012 will not do.

EUGENE HENRY (Nunhead).—We shall be pleased to quote it in letterpress, but our rules forbid giving it a diagram.

E FOUSSQUET (The Hague).—Our only rules are: (1) That they are original. (2) That they have not been published before. (3) That they are correct. And (4) that they are submitted on diagrams.

A HALL (Mumbles).—It is permitted to Homer to nod occasionally; but only a chess editor knows how easy it is to do so. Thanks for good wishes.

W F RATNA GOPAL (Colpetty, Ceylon).—Thanks for solution. The problem shall be duly considered.

R B (Wartalswa, Ceylon).—Many thanks.

G LILL (Gringley-on-Hill).—See answer to A Hall.

W A CLARK (East Molesey).—Thanks. We should like to hear more ourselves of the composer named.

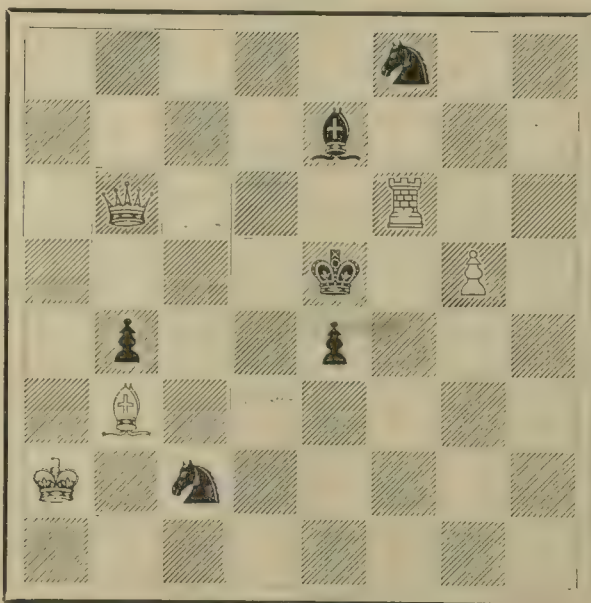
A N DE VASCONCELOS (Lisbon).—We should say Dr. Tarrasch if you confine yourself strictly to the German nationality.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3006 received from J Safer (Salt River, Cape Town), Banarsi Das (Moradabad), Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur), and A J Picton (Warlow, Pekisko); of No. 3007 from Banarsi Das, Richard Burke (Ceylon), and J Safer (Cape Town); of No. 3008 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur) and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3010 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3012 from Eugene Henry (Nunhead), D B R (Oban), J Hirst Haywood (Mitley), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Trial, H Stoecker, Burnett Walker and Co. (Glasgow), J W (Campsie), George Pratt (Stictham), J A Hughes (Tunbridge Wells), B O Clark (Wolverhampton), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), Edward J Sharpe, A Pitts, Marco Salem (Bologna), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), F J Candy, J F Moon, Adolphus Nery de Vasconcellos (Lisbon), C H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), C P Kindell (Torquay), Walter C Bennett (Windsor), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3013 received from Clement C Danby, T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Edith Corser (Reigate), Graham Parry (Kensington), H Le Jeune, F Dalby, John Kelly (Glasgow), W F Ratna Gopal, A Hall, F W Shaw (Northampton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W D Easton (Sunderland), Charles Burnett, Martin F, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Shadforth, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Alpha, Reginald Gordon, J F Moon, Sorrento, F J S (Hampstead), Edward J Sharpe, Eugene Henry, J D Tucker (Ilkley), W Dadson (Brighton), J W (Campsie), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), T Roberts, G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Albert Wolf (Putney), Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), H S Brandreth (San Remo), and R Worters (Canterbury).

PROBLEM No. 3015.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3012.—By B. G. LAWS.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt 3rd
2. Mates

BLACK.

Any move

## CHESS IN BRAZIL.

Game played at Rio de Janeiro between MESSRS. CARVALHO and KUNDIG.  
(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. B to Q R 3rd	R (K B sq) to K B 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 4th	25. R to Q R 8th	K to Q 2nd
In this case declining the gambit does not avail. The initial move of the defence is, however, good; although we think P to Q 4th the better way of refusing the attack.		26. Kt to Q 2nd	K to K 2nd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	27. Kt to K 2nd	R to Q B sq
4. B to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	28. Kt to Q B 4th	B to Q 4th
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	29. Kt to Q R 5th	Q to Q Kt 3rd
6. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd	30. R to Q Kt sq	R to K B sq
Kt to K R 4th is threatening, and it is not easy to see a good line of defence for White, whose P to K R 3rd is very feeble.		31. Kt to Q B 4th	Q to Q sq
7. P to Q R 3rd	Q to K 2nd	32. R takes Kt	
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	The winning coup. Black should have played B takes B earlier.	
9. P to K B 5th	P to K R 3rd	33. B takes B	R takes R
10. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	34. P to Q 6th (ch)	P takes B
11. B takes Kt	Castles Q R	35. P to Q Kt 6th	K to Q 2nd
12. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 6th wins in every variation. Thus 35. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), K takes Kt (if K takes P, 36. Q to K 6th (ch), K to B 2nd; 37. Kt to Q 5th (ch) wins the Queen and the game; 38. Q to K 6th (ch), K to Q sq; 39. Q to K 7th (ch), K to B sq; 40. Q takes R, and also wins the Bishop at once.	
13. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q Kt sq	36. Q to Q R 3rd	K to Q B sq
14. Q to Q Kt 3rd	K R to B sq	37. Q takes P (ch)	Q to Q 2nd
15. P to Q R 4th	P to Q B 3rd	38. P to Q 7th (ch)	Q to Q sq
16. P to Q Kt 5th		39. Q takes R	Q takes Kt (ch)
There are many interesting points arising from this Queen's side attack. It seems that White is bound to get a good return for the piece offered.		40. K to B 2nd	R takes P
17. P takes P	P takes B	41. R to Q sq (ch)	K to B 3rd
18. Q takes P	P to K sq	42. Q to Q 6th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
19. P to Q 4th	P to K B 3rd	43. R to Kt sq (ch)	K to R 4th
20. Q to Q B 4 (ch)	Q to Q B 2nd	44. R to R sq (ch)	K to Kt 4th
21. R to R 4th	R to Q 2nd	45. Q takes R	Q to Q B 3rd
Here, we think, Black misses a win. Q takes Q; 22. R takes Q (ch), K to Q 2nd, and probably Black can get off with a clear piece to the good. His game would, however, be cramped. We cannot refer to the numerous points of interest in the rest of an excellent game.		46. P to B 4th (ch)	Q to Kt 5th
22. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Q to Q sq	47. Q to Q R 7th	Q to B 4th (ch)
23. P to Q 5th	R to Q B 2nd	48. K to B 3rd	K to B 6th
		49. Q to R 2nd	Q to Q 5th
		50. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B 7th
		51. Q to R 3rd	Q to Q 6th (ch)
		52. K to B 2nd	Q to Q 7th (ch)
		53. K to Kt sq	Resigns.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A GRUDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Only two of the principal Continental nations are apparently suffering from acute dislike of Englishmen, but, with the exception perhaps of the Italians, the disease is prevalent everywhere in a greater or lesser degree. Up to very recently John Bull, though exceedingly angry at the foreigner's attack of the venerable Sovereign who a twelvemonth ago went to her grave, was, as far as he was personally concerned, stolid enough face to face with the vituperations lavished upon him. To a certain extent, he heard only one voice, or at the most two voices, and practically he was unable to understand what the minor of these two said, the hard words being conveyed in Dutch, which, though much more akin to English than French, John Bull has never taken the trouble to master. When by this or that accident the words were interpreted to him, John Bull shrugged his shoulders and acted upon his accustomed principle of "give and take"; he almost found an excuse for the shrieks, falsehoods, and expletives of the Hollanders by a rational application of the proverb, "Blood is thicker than water."

John Bull was probably less patient with the insults of the French, albeit that even for these he endeavoured to find extenuating circumstances. John would most likely have failed to put it as tersely as I do, but he instinctively felt that to many—nay, to nearly all—Frenchmen, Fashoda was a kind of "bloodless Waterloo." The average Englishman is not bound to know that hatred of him, his country, and his countrymen does not date from the period of Kitchener's victory at Omdurman or from Wellington's on the plains of Belgium; that, in fact, this hatred is centuries old, and that nothing will ever eradicate it. One must not attempt to prophesy, but it is most improbable that the next half-century will witness a recurrence of the most phenomenal international feature of the half-century that is just gone—namely, the spectacle of French and English fighting side by side.

I am old enough to remember the return of the French troops from the Crimean War, and the distinctly hostile attitude exhibited in private by French officers to their English fellows-in-arms. According to the former, the English repaid the antipathy by a kind of cool indifference, not to say contempt. What the Crimean campaign failed to accomplish is not likely to be accomplished by a second alliance. John Bull, unable to give chapter and verse for all this, nevertheless feels its effect, and in his unphilosophical way accounts for it by Fashoda. Having provided a reason to himself for French antipathy, he is content to let the matter rest without retaliating. If he retaliates at all, he does it in a mild way: he abstains from going to spend his spare cash in Paris; but here his reprisals end. He drinks his French wines as heretofore; his wife and daughters buy French dresses and hats, munch French bonbons, and so forth. Russian, Austrian, and Italian opinion of England and her doings is virtually an unimportant quantity to John Bull.

There remained, then, the views of the Fatherland, and with regard to these John Bull has of late been sorely exercised. Of late only. While France was shrieking, Germany's voice was scarcely heard as an anti-English critic. There was, no doubt, the recollection of the German Emperor's telegram to Paul Kruger on the occasion of the Jameson raid, but the impetuosity that presided at the despatch of the message had been atoned for by the deliberate refusal of Kaiser Wilhelm to receive the erstwhile President at Berlin, thus compelling him to retrace his steps from Cologne. John Bull is not an adept at close arguing. He has been spoon-fed on Constitutionalism, and as such is apt to confound the opinion of the Sovereign upon international problems with that of the nation over which the Sovereign rules. The triumphant exit of Kruger from Germany in December 1900 was considered by John Bull as a kind of courtesy to an old man who had fallen upon adverse days, and as nothing else. But when, notwithstanding Kaiser Wilhelm's dutiful and exemplary behaviour at the time of his illustrious grandmother's demise, Anglophobia became stronger than ever throughout the Fatherland, John Bull began to get puzzled. There was no hereditary hatred between him and the Teuton; there was no burning diplomatic question; there were no tariff difficulties. What had he, John Bull, done to arouse the hatred? And simple-minded John failed to supply the answer.

I am not quite so unsophisticated as John, and, moreover, know something of Germany. I think I can give the reply—of course, to a certain extent only. The average German, though vastly better educated than the average Englishman, is intensely jealous of him; not of his mental accomplishments, which the German (and not unjustly) denies, but of his social ones, which the German would fain imitate, a feat which he never succeeds in accomplishing. It is an open secret that as a lad Kaiser Wilhelm was what we term "a pickle." His mother, at her wit's end, asked Queen Augusta for advice. "It's no use asking me, my child," was the reply, "you must ask your mother." We German women can only make prigs or oafs of our sons; English women of standing succeed first of all in making gentlemen of them. These gentlemen are often very ignorant, but they do not let their own womankind wait upon them, as they do here. They are a sight for the gods to rejoice at when they sit at meat; they enter and leave a room in full control of their every limb. Once more, you must ask your mother."

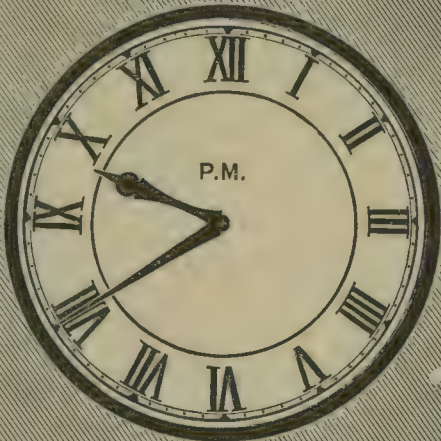
The late Empress Augusta's answer seems a feeble explanation of the educated German's jealousy of the well-mannered, though by no means over-educated, Englishman; but the jealousy is there, and is mainly, though not wholly, accountable for the outbreak of Anglophobia. Rose-water philosophers call such outbreaks effects without causes. I am not writing this on my sole authority.



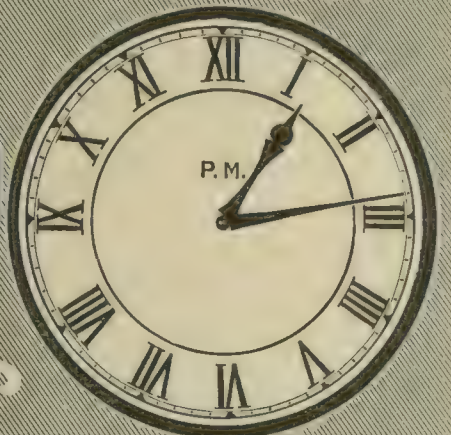
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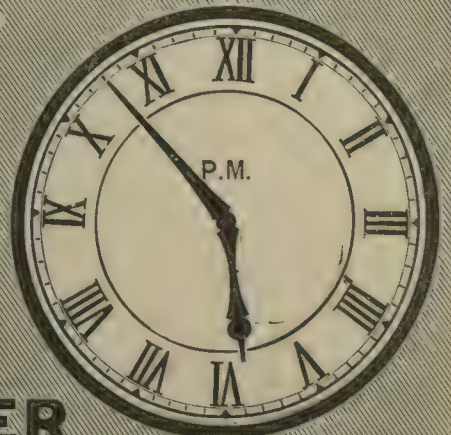
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## LADIES' PAGES.

A very influential memorial, signed by the representatives of a large number of women's societies, has been presented to the Government asking that direct representation may be given to women on the new boards which it is proposed to found to regulate Secondary Education. There is no question as to women having the right to vote for members of the new boards; nor, indeed, is it denied that some women should be members; but it has been suggested that women representatives shall not be eligible for direct election, and that they may only be placed upon the proposed new boards by the indirect election of the County Councils, or other bodies who may have the power of appointing a certain number of members on the new Education Boards. The memorialists, who are so numerous and important that their plea must be granted if there be any truth in the oft-repeated statement that women have already quite sufficient influence whenever they care to exert it in public affairs, urge that the electorate shall be left in possession of the power directly to select women as members when it seems to them most fitting. A member directly elected by a constituency must always possess more influence in the deliberations of a public body than those who are placed on that body merely by indirect election. Again, indirect election narrows the selection to a limited circle, and ladies chosen because they are the daughters, or sisters, or friends of men interested in the public body that has the power of electing indirectly may be far less fit than other ladies who have no such association; and why should the field of selection be so narrowed for women, while men of all ranks and situations in life are left free to offer their services to the electors? Finally, we have to face the great probability that, unless it is provided that a certain number of the members of each board must be women, few or none will be elected, even indirectly. "Out of sight, out of mind"; there will be enough men ready to occupy the posts, and nobody will search out the women to take the places in preference. Now, seeing that the greater proportion of the teachers under the boards will be women, and that a full half of the scholars are girls, it is necessary that women shall share in the task of superintending the education in which all these females are interested.

Sometimes it seems as if to have the representatives of the female sex would be of little use, for they also will care more about the boys than the girls. There is a very striking illustration of this tendency just now in America. Mrs. Leland Stanford has donated an immense fortune in real estate—stated to be worth six million pounds sterling—to the free University established, in the first instance, by magnificent gifts from her husband, as a memorial of their only son, after whom the institution is named—the Leland Stanford Junior University. Though Mr. Stanford founded the institution originally equal for young men and women,



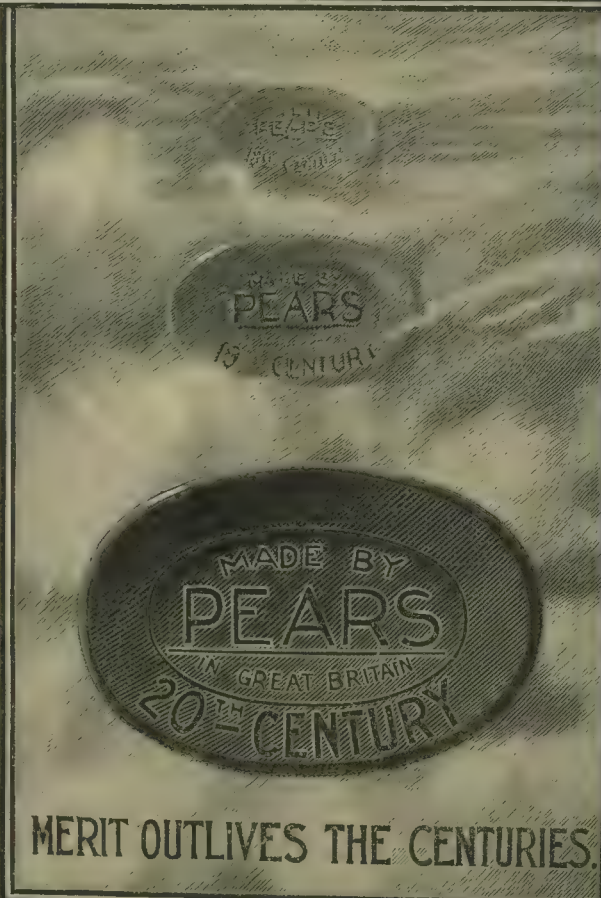
RIVIERA TOILETTE IN WHITE CLOTH, WITH GOLD BELT.

Mrs. Stanford has made her gifts since his death conditional on the girl students never exceeding a certain comparatively small proportion of the boys in numbers. Her stated reason is that as the place is a memorial of her boy, she wants to be sure that it shall chiefly benefit other boys; but it is rather discouraging to know that some women still think so much more of boys' than of girls' education. However, on the other hand, if we look at the progress of the higher education of girls in this country in the Victorian era, we see that though many eminent men helped greatly—notably the late Mr. Henry Sidgwick and the Rev. F. D. Maurice—it has been women who have always been the originators and enthusiasts for female educational advance. And the situation, while no women took a personal share in the management of education, was simply that the girls were always forgotten when endowments were being made or administered, so that matters came about as in the case of Christ's Hospital, which was founded equally for both sexes, and yet was educating 1124 boys for professions and other better-class occupations, and twenty-two girls for domestic service, when the Schools Inquiry Commission inquired into the case. Men (especially rich men, whose daughters are provided for) are certain to give most attention to the boys, whose position they best understand; the education of girls should be under direct womanly management, to prevent their special needs being overlooked.

Fashionable weddings have been as numerous during the past few weeks as they are expected to be at the end of the season. No doubt, the happiest time for a honeymoon must be precisely this, when the happy pair escape from the gloom and heaviness of London and the damp and depression of the country in this murky island, to find sunshine, clear skies, gaiety, and open-air life on the Riviera or in Egypt. How much that has to do with the outburst of matrimony, one cannot undertake to say, but the fact remains. The wedding of Lady Savile's daughter by her first marriage was very smart. The King gave the bride a lovely heart-shaped brooch of diamonds and sapphires. The bride's stepfather made his presents in the wise, and no doubt acceptable, form of furs. They included an ermine-lined coat, the outside of violet velvet, with a great sable collar to finish it; a driving-coat to the feet in black broadtail, with a chinchilla collar; and a flat muff of the new shape, together with a stole-shaped, long-ended tie of chinchilla to close in the front of the coat. The bridegroom, Captain Heneage, of the Grenadier Guards, had some family diamonds superbly reset for his bride, in the form of several collars and necklaces, and, notably, in one large brooch or corsage ornament shaped like a rose full-blown, with buds and leaves in graceful sprays on either side. Lady Savile's long list of beautiful presents to her daughter included one novelty in the shape of a gold bag-purse, in the top of which was set a watch surrounded with brilliants and rubies. Another of the most beautiful amongst the immense number of gifts was from Sir Ernest Cassel, who gave the King that munificent sum for charity the other day. His present to the bride

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BUT PEARS' GOES ON FOR EVER

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was one of those very fine chains in platinum that are almost invisible and yet strong; it was passed through a slide of turquoise, and finished at each end with a large oval turquoise drop. These are a few of the more original of the innumerable gifts to this lucky bride. Her gown was of fine white lace, the train supported on chiffon, and soft pleats of tulle came between the edges of the silver-worked lace bolero, with tulle underdress showing down the front of skirt, the lace richly embroidered with silver spangles. Her travelling-gown was grey cloth made corselet fashion over a blouse of Irish lace, the coat having revers embroidered with black chenille spots and lace collar. The bridesmaids wore white chiffon frocks and white panne coats, and picture-hats of white felt trimmed with ostrich plumes and violets.

Then came the wedding of Lord Crewe's daughter, Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes, with its equally charming presents and lovely gowns. The very handsome bridal gown was of silver tissue veiled with one layer of chiffon, and trimmed up the sides of the front and round the train with a deep flounce of Brussels lace fixed on with true-lovers' knots of white satin all a-glisten with silver and diamanté embroidery. The bodice had a yoke of chiffon worked with pearls, and similar embroidery went down the front of the skirt between the bows aforesaid. The bridesmaids wore white Irish poplin with large revers and collars of Carrickmacross lace. The bridegroom, Lord O'Neill's eldest son, being Irish, the native industries were patronised as far as possible. Lady Annabel O'Neill's going-away gown was white cloth exquisitely embroidered and lace-trimmed to a degree that required the long coat of brown ribbed velvet to protect the splendour. The most interesting present was that of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, who gave a large emerald (set with diamonds now in a brooch) which was worn by the ancestress of the bride who posed as the Queen of Beauty at the famous tournament held at Eglinton Castle.

Finally, the week of weddings was crowned on Saturday by that of the only daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Helen Stewart, with Lord Stavordale, heir of the Earl of Ilchester. Thought-reading, or "psychical waves," must have presided over the three wedding dresses, for again there was a rich silver embroidery of true-lovers' knots and bows of the same to hold on the flounce of fine lace. Lady Helen's dress was of a lovely shade of ivory satin, the train cut in one with the skirt; it was embroidered with graduated true-lovers' knots in silver and footed with a deep flounce of Limerick lace caught on with bows of the embroidery. The bodice was trimmed with fine old lace, arranged fichu fashion, and had transparent lace and chiffon sleeves. Lady Helen's veil was of the finest Brussels lace, and had been worn on a similar occasion by her



DRESS FOR THE RIVIERA IN WHITE CLOTH AND SABLE.

mother and all her sisters, as well as by the bride's maternal grandmother, the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, and some other members of Lady Londonderry's family. The bridesmaids' costumes were as original as they were charming. Four were little girls, who wore Empire frocks touching the ground, of lace laid over silver tissue, with high sashes of gold tissue, gold shoes, and white mittens. The six young ladies wore dresses of silver tissue under one layer of chiffon, trimmed with deep lace flounces, headed with motifs in crescent shape of Russian sable. Their white hats were trimmed with white and yellow jonquils and green and brown leaves, and they carried baskets of jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley. The going-away gown was in this instance again of white cloth, and was very beautiful. It was made with a flat front of cream panne, which was continued round the skirt and edged by a line of sable; up the sides of the front was a garniture of écourtinted lace. The corsage had a vest of the same lace, and was then slashed down each side to show lace underneath, the slashings held together by little straps of the panne fastened with tiny gold studs. There was a double collar round the shoulders, the top one of the cloth, the under of the panne, and the upper one was slashed and trimmed similar to the sides of the bodice. A shaped belt of gold tissue completed this lovely design, and the collar round the throat and the wristbands that held in the full lace undersleeves were embroidered with gold to match the belt. A black sable cape, boa, and muff partially concealed this beautiful gown when the bride departed. Lady Londonderry's dress was of silver-grey crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with lace; toque, ruffle, and muff were all to match. Their Majesties gave Lady Helen a diamond and turquoise "Mercury's Wand" brooch, and Princess Victoria added a pendant to harmonise.

White cloth gowns are illustrated this week. The one with the double collar edged with sable has a gold-embroidered waistcoat or high belt, and is worn with a hat of white velvet edged with sable. The other dress is of the same materials, but the corsage-front is entirely of lace, and the hat of chiffon trimmed with a wreath of roses. Both gowns are designed for the Riviera.

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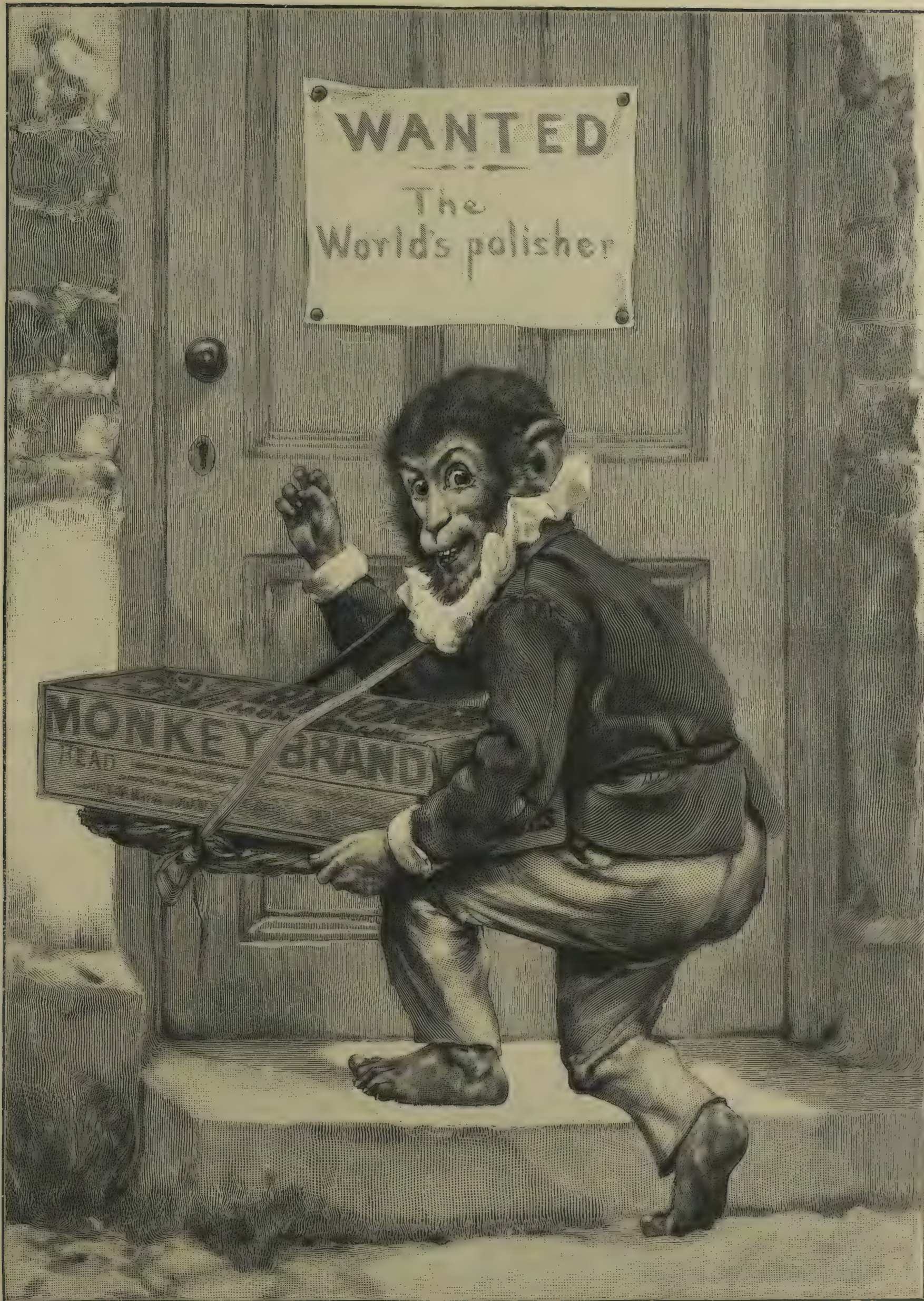
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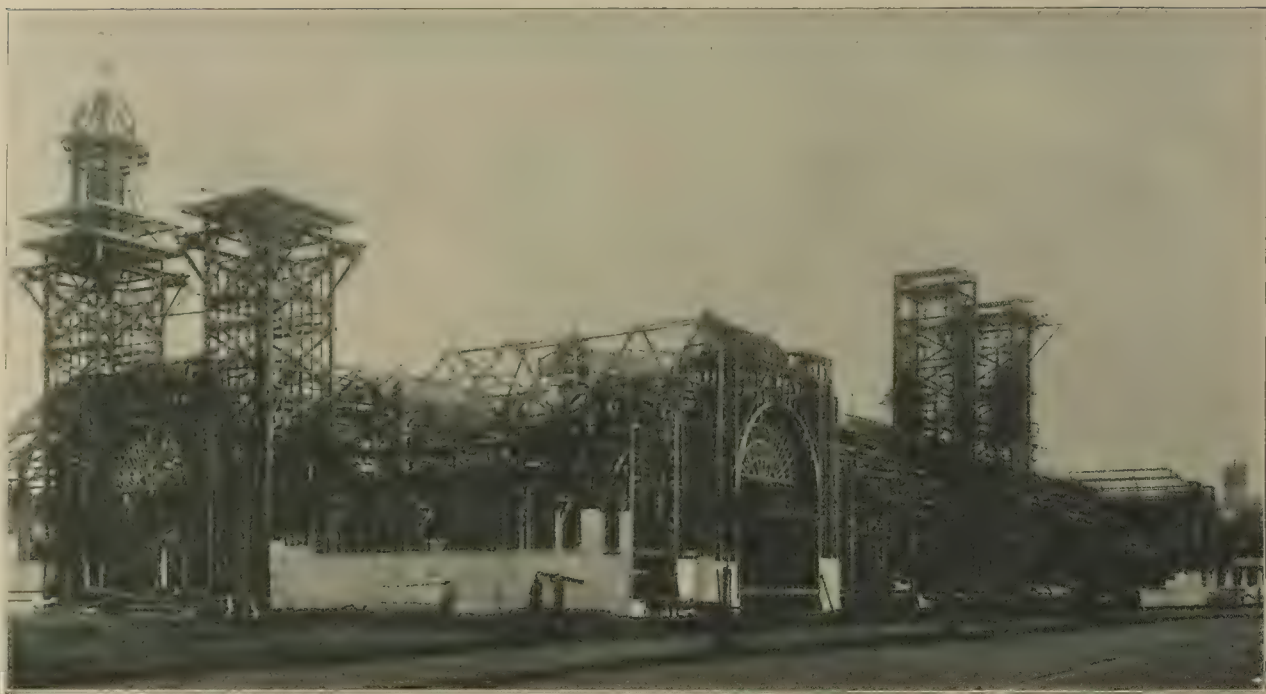
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 24, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 26, 1899), of Mr. Augustus Thorne, of 22, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, and formerly of Dorrhurst, Sevenoaks, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Jan. 17 by Cornelius Thorne, the brother, Atwood Thorne, the nephew, Dillon Hanbury Thomas, and Sir Francis John Stephens Hopwood, K.C.B., the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £590,949. The testator bequeaths £1000 per annum to his wife; £1000 per annum to his brother Cornelius; £500 per annum to Dillon Hanbury Thomas; £100 per annum each to Atwood Thorne and Sir Francis Hopwood during the continuance of the trusts of his will; £200 each to the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Ventnor), and the City of London. Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Victoria Park); £10,000, upon trust, for the wife of his brother Cornelius for life, and then for her husband and children; and a few small legacies. All his real estate in England he leaves to his eldest son, and the residue of his property



THE WOLVERHAMPTON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION: THE BUILDING IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The principal buildings are the Industrial Hall, the Machinery Hall, and the Concert Hall. The Industrial Hall faces the West Park, and covers an area of 64,000 square ft. In shape it is rectangular, the measurement being 377 ft. by 170 ft. The design is executed in the Spanish Renaissance style. The general body of the building will be white. The main entrance is of original design—an archway shaped after the fashion of a horseshoe. At each side are handsome towers 120 ft. high.

between all his children, the share of his sons to be three times as much as the share of his daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1901) of Mr. William Billson, of The Lawn, Stonycgate Knighton, Leicester, who died on Oct. 14, has been proved by Charles James Billson,

Jaques Posno, of 19, Finsbury Circus, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on Jan. 17 by Algernon Edward Sydney, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £150,000, so far as can at present be ascertained. The testator bequeaths annuities of £500 to his sister Rebecca

the son, Henry Billson, the brother, and Arthur Bolus, the executors, the value of the estate being £224,566. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Mary Chamberlin Billson, £500, his furniture and household effects, and, during her widowhood, the use and enjoyment of his residence, and the income from £50,000, or from £20,000 should she again marry, and, subject thereto, such sum of £50,000 is to be divided between his four children; £200 each to his daughters Mrs. Catherine Pope, Mrs. Helen Mary Peacock, and Constance Julia Billson; to his brother Henry £200; to Arthur Bolus £200; to his daughter-in-law Emily Maud Billson £200; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, as to £30,000 each, upon trust, for his three daughters, and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1901) of Mr. Charles

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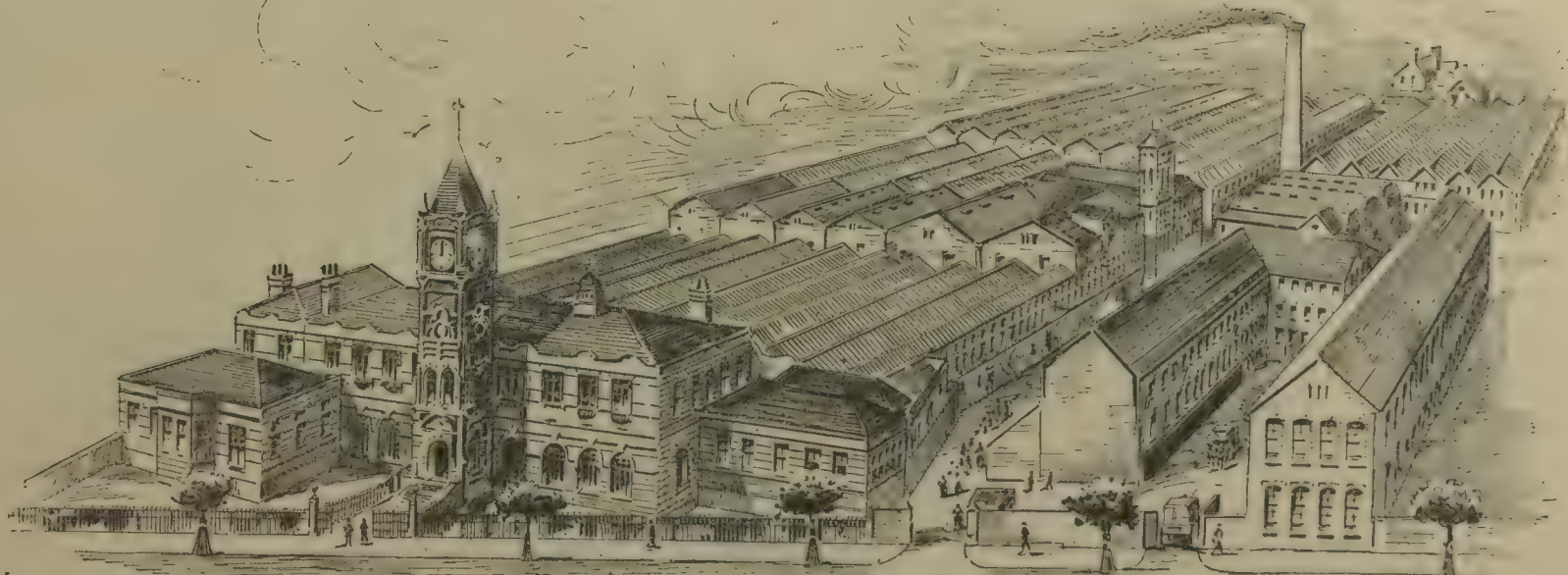
*Jo Liebig*

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Marchand; £100 to Mauricia Pasquali; £600 to Anna Maria Susannah Pio Bosso; £300 to Mrs. Marion Elizabeth Calder; £100 to Mrs. Katharine White; £200 each to his nieces Pauline Rothschild, Estelle Dresden, and Laura Flora Dreyfus; £200 to his nephew, Zadoc Moritz Dresden; and £100 to his housekeeper, her husband, and daughter. He also bequeaths £250 to the Jewish Board of Guardians; £250 to the Society for the Relief of the Aged Needy of the Jewish Faith; £250 to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund; £250 to the National Life-Boat Institution; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property is to be held, on sundry trusts, for his nieces and nephew Pauline Rothschild, Estelle Dresden, Laura Flora Dreyfus, and Zadoc Moritz Dresden, and their respective issue.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1897) of Mr. James Richard Upton, J.P., of Huskards, Ingatestone, Essex, and formerly of 14, Austin Friars, who died on Dec. 8 at Delhi, was proved on Jan. 20 by Mrs. Constance Upton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate in the United Kingdom being £143,114. Subject to a legacy of £100 to John Lampard, the testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated May 31, 1900) of Mr. James Dickson Park, of 3, Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on Jan. 17 by Edward Dickson Park, the son, Miss Euphemia Park, the

daughter, and Oswald Norman, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £128,868. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Ross Park; £150 each to his executors; and, during the life of his wife, £400 per annum to his daughter Margaret Edith Graham, and £150 per annum each to his daughters Caroline Cundy, Christina Field, and Euphemia Park. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and then he gives £10,000 upon trust, for his daughter Christina Field and her children; £10,000 to his son; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Edith Graham; £15,000 to his daughter Caroline Cundy; £50,000 to his daughter Euphemia; and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1887), with a codicil (dated Sept. 10, 1894), of Mr. Edward Michols Henriques, J.P., of Tower Grange, Broughton Park, Manchester, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Jan. 20 by Mrs. Rose Emily Henriques, the widow, Cecil Quixano Henriques, the brother, Henry Straus Quixano Henriques, the son, and Lionel van Oven, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £53,070. The testator gives to his wife £300 and a conditional sum of £5000, and during her widowhood her income is to be made up to £2000, or to £625 should she again marry; to the Jews' Infants' Schools and the Jews' Free Schools (London) £20 each; to the National Life-Boat Institution £50; to the

Manchester Congregation of British Jews £50; to the London Congregation of British Jews £20; to the Infirmary and the Jewish Schools (Manchester) £20 each; to the Jewish Board of Guardians (Manchester) £300; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 31, 1886) of Sir William MacCormac, Bart., K.C.B., of 13, Harley Street, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on Jan. 20 by Dame Katherine Maria MacCormac, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £22,812. The testator leaves all his estate and effects to his wife absolutely.

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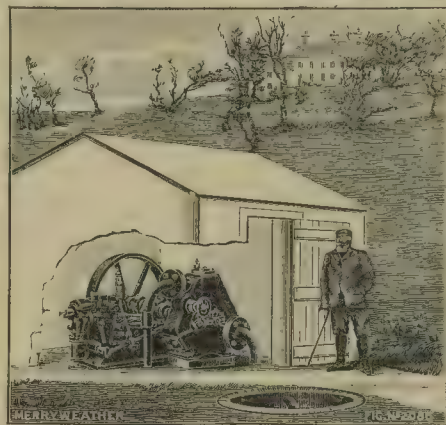
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. R. R. Dolling has been preaching on the last two Sundays at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and has also lectured several times during January at various West-End houses. His lantern lecture is well worth hearing, and the pictures help one to realise the true conditions of life in Poplar. St. Saviour's, Southwark, according to Mr. Charles Booth's statistics, was the poorest parish in London, but St. Saviour's, Poplar, with its ten thousand poor, is described by Father Dolling as the "dullest and greyest of London parishes."

The Bishop of Winchester has been visiting Cambridge, and on Septuagesima Sunday preached the University Sermon at St. Mary's. Amongst his recent guests at Farnham Castle was the Bishop of Worcester.

The Bishop of London has gone into residence at London House, St. James's Square, where he will remain until Easter. This rather dreary house has been brightened and decorated for the Bishop's reception.

Bishop Ellicott has chosen a very popular clergyman as the new Archdeacon of Gloucester. The Rev. John Philips Bowers is a Cambridge man, and came to Bristol some twenty years ago as curate of St. Mary Redcliff. In 1885 he was appointed Diocesan Missioner, and two years ago he was selected to fill the canonry of Gloucester Cathedral which was endowed by the late Mr. Walker, of

Cheltenham. Archdeacon Bowers has long been known as a very successful organiser of diocesan work.

The Bishop of Bristol recently dedicated the beautiful memorial which has been placed in St. Barnabas' Church, Bristol, in recognition of the labours of the late Vicar, the Rev. E. A. Fuller. Mr. Fuller was for twenty years one of the most energetic and successful of Bristol clergymen. Bishop Browne referred especially to the St. Agnes Mission, which Mr. Fuller founded. It began in a small and humble way, and is now, as the Bishop said, "a wonderful establishment."

The Bishop of Wakefield is taking a keen interest in the housing problem, and at the annual meeting of the York Health and Housing Reform Association he strongly urged that the question was not one of party politics. It was a question for every Englishman and every citizen. It was almost a mockery, the Bishop said, to go to the poor and talk about the Kingdom of Heaven when they were not certain where the next meal would come from, and were living in the most depressing conditions.

The Bishop of Rochester has held a most interesting series of meetings on the Riviera on behalf of his work in South London. At one gathering the Bishop of Gibraltar occupied the chair, and introduced Dr. Talbot as one of his oldest friends. The Bishop of Rochester said that over almost every South London parish they might write

the words "It is going down"; but he hoped that soon they might write other words, "Going up, by reason of hands stretched out to help." At Nice on the First Sunday in Epiphany the Bishop preached a powerful sermon for the same object; and further meetings were held at Mentone and San Remo.

Congregationalists are feeling considerable anxiety with regard to the health of their new Chairman, Principal Scott, of the Lancashire Independent College. Dr. Scott was to have been entertained last week at the Manchester Reform Club, but the dinner was postponed on account of his feeble health. He has recently undergone an operation, which left him very weak. V.

A donation of one hundred guineas has been made by the Vinolia Company to the fund for the new building and endowment of the Parkes Museum of the Sanitary Institute.

Mr. J. W. Earle, who for the last twelve years has controlled the Remington typewriter organisation for Great Britain, and has, during the past eighteen months, been Director-General for Europe, has left for New York to take an important position in the management of the Remington business throughout the world. At the Hôtel Cecil, the company's employes presented him with a magnificent service of plate.

## BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA. Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT. Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION. Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH. Clear and give Strength to the VOICE OF SINGERS. And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

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real hair savers.

**WAYERS**

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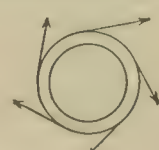
A GREAT PHYSICIAN says: "75 per cent. of all diseases are caused by the pores becoming clogged, thus shutting up in the blood the poisons and impurities which Nature intended they should eliminate."—DR. ERASMUS WILSON.

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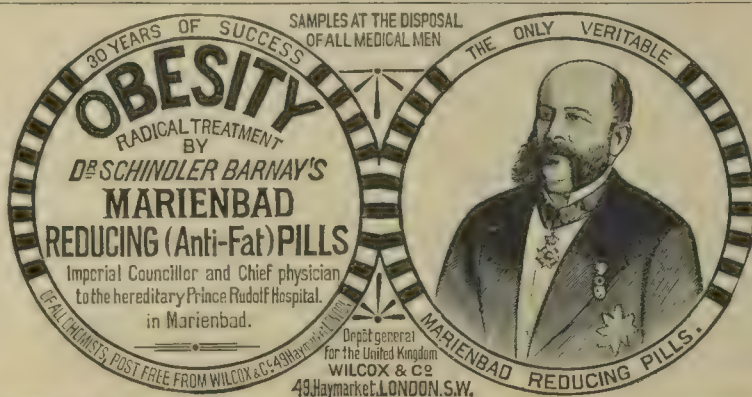
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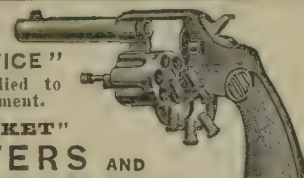
Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

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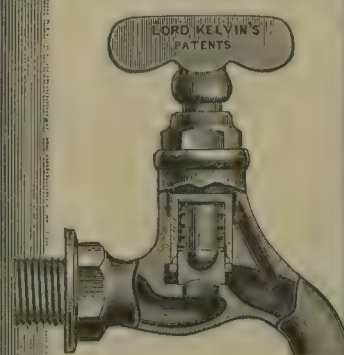
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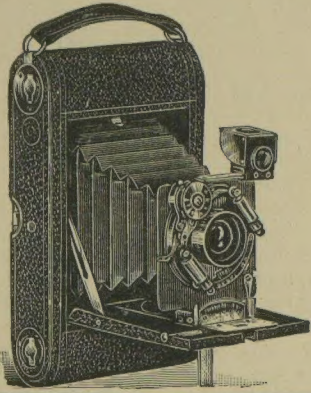
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Among the great number of readers of *The Illustrated London News* must certainly be a great many with whom a KODAK Camera is a constant companion. These artists have certainly greeted with pleasure the new Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3, which combines all the better qualities of the other Kodaks. Its small size, combined with the possibility of focussing the lens for near objects, renders it, no doubt, the most efficient "Pocket Kodak" in the market. To the large number of amateurs who wish to make pictures on a somewhat gloomy day, it will certainly be of great interest to learn that these new Kodaks can now be obtained fitted with the best photographic lens in existence, the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which enables the worker to obtain good pictures even in an unfavourable light. This lens, which is fitted to a special shutter, the speeds of which can automatically be regulated, enables the amateur to be practically independent of the weather, for the extreme sensitiveness of the Eastman film is a guarantee of a good result when exposed with a Goerz Double Anastigmat. The new shutter and the new lens are so ingeniously



fitted to the camera that the latter does not lose in any way its wonderful compactness, and closes in the same small volume as if fitted with its original lens and shutter (see Illustration). The price of the Camera is, so fitted, £10 17s. 6d. To make the high standard of the Goerz Double Anastigmat well understood, we may mention that a photograph was exhibited recently in the windows of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co., 106, Regent Street, the West-End Agents of Mr. C. P. Goerz, which was taken with a Goerz Double Anastigmat on a rainy day, and which showed a large crowd of people all with their umbrellas open, following a regimental band. All details, even in the shadows, were so perfectly rendered that a better picture could not have been taken, even in the brightest sunshine, with a lens less perfect than the Goerz Double Anastigmat.

These new Cameras can be obtained from any good Photographic Dealer; and the Optical Works of C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, will send an Illustrated Prospectus of these Cameras. All applications must be marked "Department I"; without this they will not be answered.

## IN EVENING DRESS.

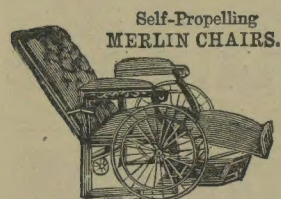
Though with years the delicate skin of youth will wither like a leaf, why should you have the face and shoulders disfigured with pimples and blotches, and hurry on decay? A coarse, harsh soap will in time make a coarse, harsh skin. What you should do is use **VINOLIA SOAP**, which is made from edible fats. Purest, safest, best for the complexion, toilet, nursery and bath.

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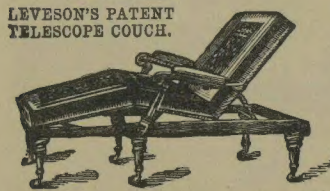
*Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.*

### LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

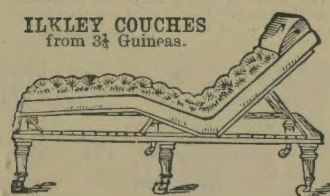
(Established 1849.)



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MERLIN CHAIRS.

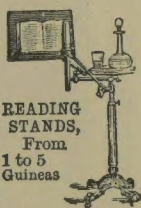


LEVESON'S PATENT  
TELESCOPE COUCH.



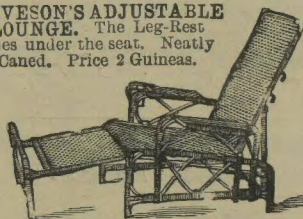
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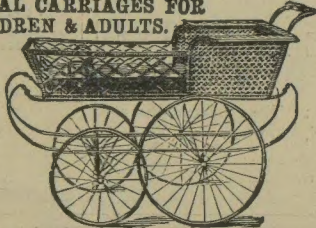


### LEVESON & SONS,

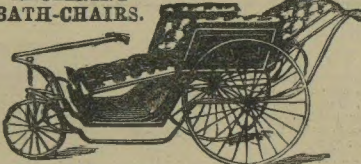
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7, PARKSIDE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.  
85, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.  
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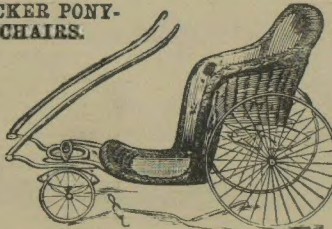
SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.



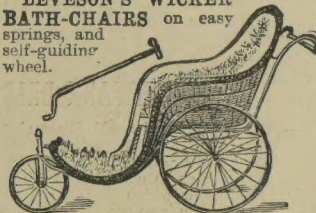
RECLINING BATH-CHAIRS.



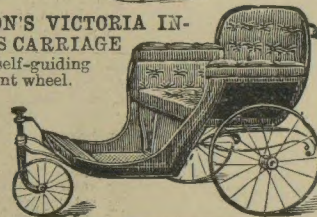
WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



LEVESON'S WICKER BATH-CHAIRS on easy springs, and self-guiding wheel.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE with self-guiding front wheel.



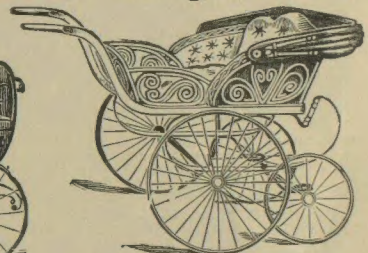
BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.



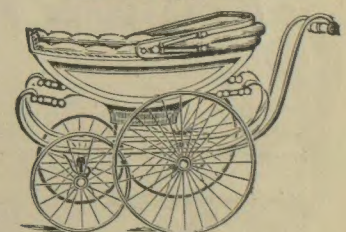
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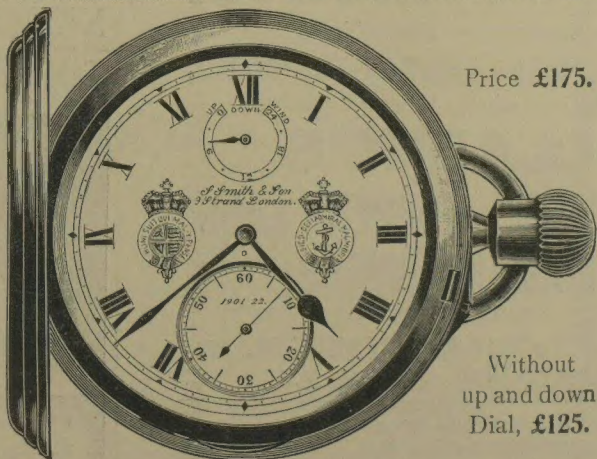
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## MUSIC.

An interesting programme was arranged for the Saturday Popular Concert at the St. James's Hall on Jan. 25, at which Madame Carreno and M. César Thomson appeared for the first time this season. The former is an excellent pianist, with great charm and finished technique. She played the "Waldstein" sonata of Beethoven. The work is one of three solo pianoforte sonatas, written with the intention of enabling a pianist to show his powers of brilliant execution. It is perhaps a little long, but, as every music-lover knows, it is no mere *tour de force*, but full of beautiful melody and graceful composition. Madame Carreno won great applause, but the sonata is undoubtedly fatiguing, especially when it comes in a long programme. It reminds one of the reproach, "Beethoven never knew where or how to end." M. César Thomson chose for his solo an academic sonata in F major by Tartini, written for the violin, with a pianoforte

accompaniment, consisting of an entrata, gavotte, and variations. It gives a fine opportunity to the performer; but its very sub-title is not attractive, "Fifty Variations on a Gavotte for the Violin, with an Accompaniment of Basso Continuo." Miss Lilian Moreton has a very pleasing voice, which was not heard to advantage in Sullivan's setting of Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve." The song attempts an impossible crescendo of spiritual rapture, and the voice, strained in its high notes, grows thin, and loses the effects. The second time Miss Moreton sang she chose the beautiful "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" of Massenet, a song of Schumann, and another of Rubinstein. In all she was charming, for her method is excellent, and her voice pure and sympathetic.

No more fascinating light music can be desired than that heard at a song recital of Mr. Frederic Norton, at which he sang his own compositions, at the Steinway

Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 21. The prettiest song, to choose one out of several tender, humorous, and quaint songs, was "The Fairies and the Flowers," and the most popular amusing one was "The Elephant and the Portmanteau," built up as it was on a really delicious discord. The songs should prove popular to scores of amateurs, for no heights of technique are demanded to do justice to them, and the graceful accompaniments should make them an acquisition.

On Friday, Jan. 24, Herr Ernst von Dohnanyi, the celebrated Hungarian pianist, who recently played at the Saturday Popular Concerts, gave his only recital. He played the Sonata (Op. 106) of Beethoven and some symphonic studies of Schumann, clearly and brilliantly, but it is with Chopin he is at his very best. His style is unconscious and sincere, and his touch beautiful. From Chopin he selected the C sharp minor Scherzo, the B major Nocturne, and two mazurkas. M. I. H.

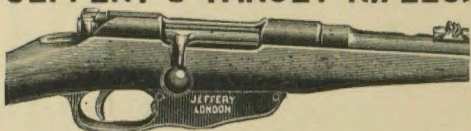
The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,  
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

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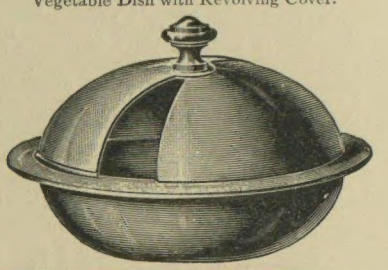


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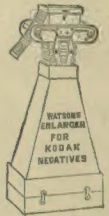
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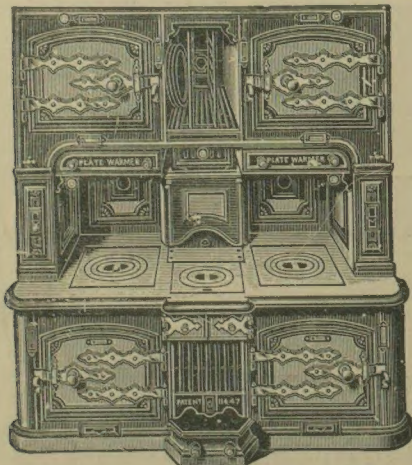
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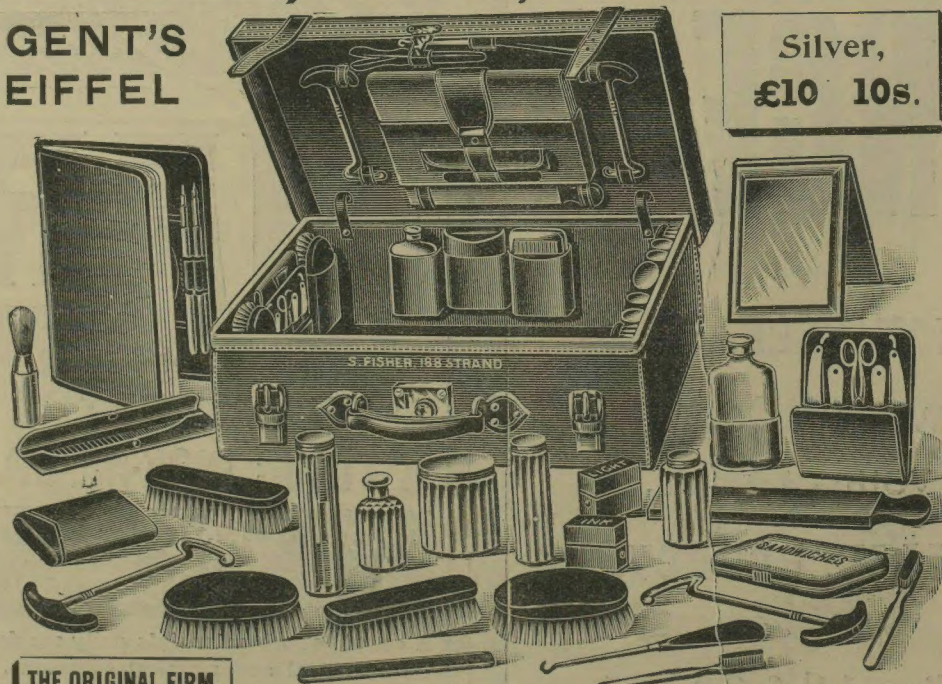
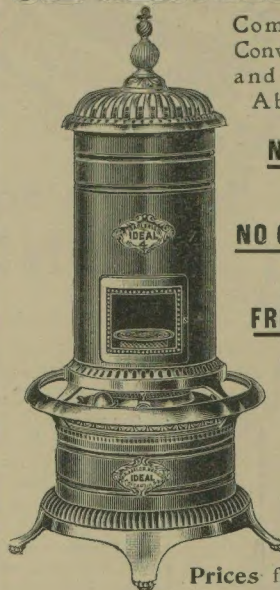
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